

# spare Rib

No. 22  
20p

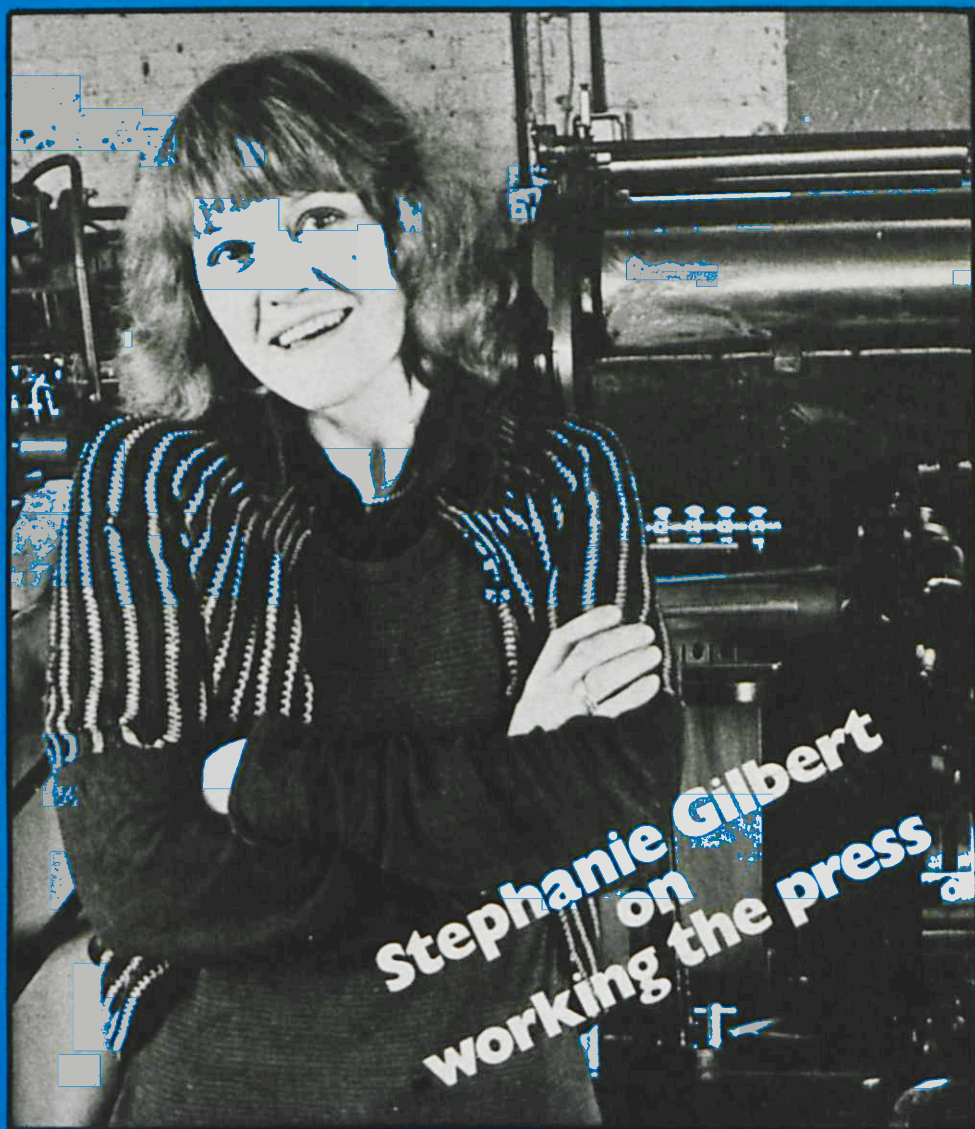
P 523/344

**Alcoholics  
Anonymous  
& the liberation  
of women**

**Linda Lewis:  
'I think everyone  
should have a  
kit of drums'**

**Medical  
Mystery Tour**

**Juliet Mitchell  
talks about  
Psychoanalysis  
and Feminism**



**Force feeding is torture: the Price sisters in Brixton**



# Is it fair to force your baby to smoke cigarettes?



This is what happens if you smoke when you're pregnant.

Every time you inhale you fill your lungs with nicotine and carbon monoxide.

Your blood carries these impurities through the umbilical cord into your baby's bloodstream.

Smoking can restrict your baby's normal growth inside the womb.

It can make him underdeveloped and underweight at birth.

Which, in turn, can make him vulnerable to illness in the first delicate weeks of his life.

It can even kill him.

Last year, in Britain alone, over 1,500 babies might not have died if their mothers had given up smoking when they were pregnant.

If you give up smoking when you're pregnant your baby will be as healthy as if you'd never smoked.



The Health Education Council



1

Spare Rib

9 21

201110701RB990095018 280CT74  
 MRS S RIB  
 9, NEWBURGH ST  
 LONDON W1  
 ENGLAND W1A 4XS

10

Letters  
 Spare Rib Ltd.,  
 9, Newburgh St.,  
 London,  
 W1A 4XS.



Letters Page.

Spare Rib Ltd.

9, Newburgh St.

LONDON W1A 4XS

### Abortion or Adoption

Dear Spare Rib,

By the time this letter is published (if it is) I hope I will have been successfully aborted of a foetus which I decidedly do not want.

Being in this position I perhaps felt more disgusted with the letter from Catherine, Rosemary and Jo of Clapham than I would normally have been. I too am a Social Worker, and as such would like to congratulate Angela Briggs on her article. Which, or so it seems to me, was well written, fair and completely unemotive, in contrast to the letter in question which even begins in an extremely emotive fashion - to quote, 'We read the article... with growing fury.'

I have yet to find arguments against abortion which are based on anything but pure sentimentalism. These girls are no exception to this rule and refer to the foetus as if it were already a baby dressed in bonnet and boots. I would like to put forward, and with no apologies whatever, my own theory:- that a foetus has no rights whatsoever.

I base this theory on the assumption that the rights of human beings come from their ability to think and make decisions. A bundle of cells and tissues which has no consciousness cannot possibly have any rights, even if it does remotely resemble a human being.

To put the so called 'rights' of something which resembles an overgrown tadpole above the rights of a full grown woman whose life could possibly be ruined by an unwanted birth is, to me, medieval. I am surprised that one of those women is a Social Worker because, as such, she ought to know, as I know, how many adoptions go wrong.

There is much talk about the 'disturbances' created in girls due to abortion. I firmly believe that most of these are caused by conditioning and suggestion. As for adoption it is a very different thing to give away a living baby than to have a potential one removed.

My own doctor, a Roman Catholic, used the same argument on me as is used by these 3 girls; that no baby is an unwanted baby. My reply was that, while I feel sorry for people who want children and cannot have them I was not prepared for someone to have a child at my expense. This complete disregard for my feelings as regards adoption in comparison to the way he pushed the fact of how I will be overcome with guilt and remorse after my abortion was quite

remarkable.

As for the argument these women put forward about people using contraception responsibly, I would like to ask how they know every unwanted pregnancy is caused by irresponsibility as regards contraception?

Even if this is the case have they the right to sit in judgement? Have they never committed an irresponsible act? If not they must be remarkable human beings. Why should a woman pay for the rest of her life for one mistake? The attitude of these women smacks of self-righteousness to say the least.

I wonder where the Social Worker was trained?

On the Course I did one of the most important things we learnt was to be non-judgmental and to recognise, and keep under control, our sadistic desires to punish the 'wrongs' of others.

Peace,  
 Clare, Oxford.

### Psychiatry slammed

Dear Spare Rib,

I must take issue with the views expressed by Erika Tyconi in Spare Rib no. 19. She stated 'any person who is admitted under the Mental Health Act is very seriously disturbed indeed, furthermore psychiatrists are very reluctant to use ECT'.

In 1967 I was admitted to a psychiatric clinic under the Mental Health Act. I was not seriously disturbed, just a rather bewildered art student of 18 with no knowledge of psychiatric treatment at all. Three months later I was a very disturbed 19 year old, not allowed to go back to my art studies, unable to get a job because I now had a record of mental illness - in the end Wiltshire education committee took pity on me and allowed me to take a business studies course at Swindon College - but the damage had been done. When I left I was well qualified, but afraid to tell anyone of my psychiatric clinic experience. It's difficult to fill in the gaps in one's life with lies, however, also distasteful.

In 1971 I was given drugs which violently disagreed with me, whilst under their influence I signed a consent form for ECT, not really knowing what I was doing. Fortunately someone decided that I was not to have ECT, which made me almost unique in that clinic, since most of the others appeared to be given it as a matter of course. I was given the occasional

job of making tea for ECT victims (and I do not use the word lightly). One or two benefited. Most did not. Some were actually harmed by it.

I am not a psychiatrist. I have no medical qualifications. However, a consultant psychiatrist has, I presume, and one admitted last year that my treatment had been wrong, wrong, WRONG ad initio. I was afraid of psychiatrists and when my mother died and psychiatry might have helped I would not trust a psychiatrist and became more and more depressed. I now think psychiatric treatment would help me. But I remember it, and Oh God, I'm so afraid of it! As for the people I met in those clinics - some have committed suicide, some are more or less regular inmates, some have become like zombies, a few are all right. I've stopped asking about them. The answers are usually depressing.

Dismiss this letter because I am a self-confirmed neurotic if you like. But I wish mentally disturbed people of reasonable intelligence were allowed to give their views in public. The medical profession and those lucky enough never to have been in a psychiatric hospital might be surprised.

I have no intention of denigrating the medical profession or psychiatrists incidentally. I am quite sure they do what they believe is right. Only they are not always right.

Yours sincerely,  
 Lindsay Brown,  
 Swindon, Wilts.

### And slammed again

Dear Spare Rib,

Be it out of spite, hate, suffering or just an ordinary sense of human injustice, I do not know, but I must somehow correct Erica Tyconi, the R.M.N., whose letter appeared in issue 19.

This correction must be made because she must be made to see that there are grave faults in psychiatry as it exists today.

In 1967 I had a serious nervous breakdown and naturally went to hospital. I was put in a locked ward because I kept washing out my clothes (which seemed misguided to those who have Hoover washing machines).

The real point which I want to make is not concerning me. It is the problem of a girl of extreme intelligence who unfortunately could only work in the hospital laundry since she was epileptic. I had many interesting conversations with her in the bathroom where we were free



# More letters

from the blaring noise of pop music on the radio.

She became ill suddenly, and was so compelled to seek attention that one day she threw herself at the psychiatrist's feet. That lady kicked her.

Being 'unmanageable' she was put in the padded cell on a cold Xmas without any blankets. She died of lobar pneumonia after having an acute pain in her chest for three days. It was only on my advice that she was allowed to go to bed at all.

Her gravestone itself is my epitaph to psychiatry - fuck it.

C. Easton S.R.N.

Dear Spare Rib,

As three male psychiatric nurses, we would like to reply to Erika Tyconi's letter (Don't Slam Psychiatry - No. 19)

1. In our view many psychiatrists are useless (in more ways than one). They sit high up in their ivory towers on the Acute Admission wards, totally ignoring the plight of the long-stay patients, who hardly, if ever see or even know their Consultant Psychiatrist.

2. However, many doctors who take up psychiatry (usually the younger, more progressive ones) are interested in their patient's welfare. But alas there are the others whose main interest lies in the 'interesting cases', and their childish game at internal politics and backstabbing amongst each other when it comes to the Power Struggle over who's who in the Medical Executive Committee.

3. Another factor where we feel psychiatry should be slammed is the fact that many of the old Ward Sisters - Charge Nurses do not possess the qualities required to make a good, kind, human and therapeutic nurse; their attitude is totally custodial and authoritarian which often rubs off on to the young nurse in training.

4. Therefore, instead of Erika (re the case of Ann) considering the patient of that type a 'nuisance factor' (and lets face it we all feel that way at times when under stress), she should consider why her pattern of behaviour is as such - or alternatively the attitude of the ward team Erika works with causes the patient to react in this manner. We feel that this description given - 'nuisance factor' is Erika's means of displacing her feelings at failure in helping the patient as an equal, thus she compensates for her own inadequacies or inability to understand the value and meaning of the word empathy.

Have a good time Erika (we aren't getting at you, but at the psychiatric system as a whole). People are far more important than (the so-called magical) Psychiatry. For example, you or we for that matter could one day be the patient. Best wishes,

Tony Gilham, P Haek, A. Arul. Male nurses fully behind the fight for liberation and equality.

## Don't isolate the vagina

Dear Spare Rib,

Just three points arising out of the current issue, no. 20. First, there's a confusion of terms in Rebecca Burnett's rather moving letter and the heading you give it. The Immaculate Conception is the doctrine that the Virgin Mary was born without the stain of original sin on her soul. The notion that Christ was conceived without his mother's loss of virginity,

which is the nub of the letter, is called the virgin birth. This may seem a small point of terminology but it isn't really, because to call the second Immaculate Conception implies an attitude to intercourse between married people as unclean, which the Christian churches are very far from holding.

Secondly, I feel uneasy about Anne Severson. One important difference between our sexuality and men's is that we like to make love to a person, while they're often content with a thing. This is why sexy magazines, porn, skin flicks, are mostly run by and for men, and why the male nude doesn't have the same interest for us as the female nude has for them. Our sexuality is better, fuller, more human than theirs because all too often they go for the dehumanised, fragmented, unrelated thing, while we go for wholeness. If they could be more like us, rather than us more like them, the world would be a happier place. Of course it's important that we should be at home with our bodies which is Anne Severson's purported aim, but a film showing one vagina after another is too like the male pre-occupation with mere organs. Our vaginas are not our whole bodies, any more than men's penises are theirs. What we need is not more fragmentation but more wholeness - body, mind and spirit all one.

Thirdly, it shouldn't appear axiomatic in a magazine written by and for serious people, as yours seems to be, that a woman is necessarily constricted by a long-term relationship with one man. A love relationship is in fact liberating because it opens up the world of other people by giving you the closest possible access to a consciousness which is not your own. Each broadens the other, and if there are children, your responsibility to help them to become well-integrated, free-spirited moral beings broadens you still further. I feel really sorry for people (and there seem so many in your letter pages) who assume that freedom only comes when you are alone.

I enjoy your magazine and hope you'll take the above criticisms as constructive ones.

Yours sincerely,

Gabriel Bergonzi, Warwick.

Far from being a 'preoccupation with mere organs' Anne Severson's film re-integrated our vaginas with the rest of our bodies, not only by showing us what this hidden, unseen portion of our body looks like, and showing us how each cunt is different and individualised but also by presenting cunts in an unidealised fashion. Nothing could be further from porn flicks.

As for the idea that we support the theory that a woman is necessarily constricted by long-term relationships with one man - we would never agree with such a generalisation anymore than with the generalisation that salvation lies in being alone. The sad thing is when a relationship is built on fear of being alone and a negative dependency.

... It was really strange to read your article on your film 'Near the Big Chakra' the morning after I had been reading Simone de Beauvoir's words, 'The feminine sex organ is mysterious even to the woman herself, concealed, mucous and humid as it is; it bleeds each month, it is often sullied with body fluids, it has a secret life of its own. Woman does not recognise herself in it ...'

I would like very much to see your film. Tina Shewell.

... I think Anne Severson goes too far in connecting the birth signs of the participants with their wish to appear in the film. The particular point I object to is that she implies that Gemini women are not interested in sexual pursuits: 'The only Gemini was a baby brought in by her Taurus mother.' I am a Gemini. I consider my cunt to be beautiful, and I think many of the men with whom I have shared a bed would agree with me. I was very upset a couple of months ago when my pubic hair was shaved for an appendix operation. It has now grown back as beautiful as ever.

Apart from that I found the article very interesting.

Love,

Nina Woodcock

# subscribe · subscribe ·

I enclose cheque/PO for £3.12 for 12 issues of Spare Rib made payable to New English Library, Barnards Inn, Holborn, London, EC1.

Name

Address



subscribe

subscribe

· subscribe ·



# spare Rib

*Cover photograph of Stephanie Gilbert by Roger Morton*

- Letters** 3,4
- Psychology** 6 **'I went to Freud first of all. And sort of surprisingly found his theory incredibly useful for understanding femininity.'** Carol Morrell talks to Juliet Mitchell about her new book *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*.
- Work** 9 **Upstairs, Downstairs 100 Times a Day.** Kathleen Fincham describes her work as a London bus conductor and the struggle for women drivers.
- Feature** 13 **The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous and the Isolation of the Alcoholic in Women's Liberation.** By Marsha Rowe
- News** 17 **The Price Sisters on Hunger Strike:** the story of their struggle. **Durham cleaners get unionised.** Jean Gardiner on the economic background to the miners' strike. Reports from NUS grants demo; NCCL conference on women and work. **Overseas:** French abortion debate.
- Science** 29 Ways of Detecting a Defective Foetus.
- Spare Parts** 30 **Printing** by Stephanie Gilbert
- Law** 32 **Picketing** by Angela Phillips
- Information** 33
- Education/ Medical** 34 **Medical Mystery Tour.** Ann Scott explores the contradictions of being a woman in medicine.
- Arts** 36 **Diane Arbus.** Rosie Parker discusses her photography. **International Women's Film Seminar.** Claire Johnston reports on the London Women's Film Group impressions of the seminar.
- Reviews** 41 **Books:** *Woman's Consciousness*, *Man's World*, *In the Springtime of the Year*, *The Purple Heart Throbs* and *When Doctors Disagree*.  
 43 **Film:** *Coup pour Coup*. Lyn Gambles reviews the film on a women's strike.  
 44 **Theatre:** *Judies*. Michelene Wandor attacks a lop-sided comedy.  
**Music:** Stevie Wonder concert. Also Bonnie Raitt and Carly Simon albums.
- Music** 45 **Women in Music:** Linda Lewis

**Please send a stamped addressed envelope with all unsolicited manuscripts.**

*Spare Rib*: Published monthly by Spare Ribs Ltd, 9 Newburgh St, London W1A 4XS. Printed by J.H. Paull Ltd, 23 Dod St, London E14. Typesetting by Seventy Set Ltd, 161 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Distributed by New English Library, Barnards Inn, Holborn, London EC1. Copyright here and abroad in all news, feature articles and photographs is held by Spare Ribs Ltd. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article is forbidden save with the express permission of Spare Ribs Ltd.

*Spare Rib* collective: Rose Ades, Sally Doust, Marion Fudger, Pat Kahn, Rosie Parker, Marsha Rowe, Ann Scott and Julia Shaw.





"I went to Freud first of all. And sort of perversely, found that his theory was incredibly useful for understanding femininity."

**Carol Morrell asks Juliet Mitchell about her new book  
Psychoanalysis and Feminism.**

**Carol:** When did you begin writing about women, and how did you progress into writing *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*?

**Juliet:** I first got interested in thinking about women in the very early sixties, and wrote one article, 'Women: the Longest Revolution'. After that it went into cold storage, in a way. That article was before the women's movement, and there was very little response to it. Then the women's movement started, and it got an enormous response. But it was odd, after that I hit a total impasse. I found I just didn't have the concepts, the terminology, to think about women. As we've found in the 'women and sexuality' group, we just don't know what sexuality is at all, at the moment. A sort of panic starts in your own mind, you wonder, what is this subject I'm trying to think about. Then, through the women's movement, a lot more questions being asked, and having contacts with people thinking in very different ways, helped me to reawaken and rethink lots of things. One of the reasons I had blanked on the whole subject was psychology, I had missed out on it entirely in 'Women: the Longest Revolution'. In *Women's Estate*, I began to be conscious of its absence. That one, by the way, came out of a series of long evening talks with an American friend; I returned to England and wrote the book in a month. Anyway, so I went, just sort of at random, in the summer vacation to the British Museum and opened the first volume of Freud, came out at the end of the vacation closing the final volume. I was absolutely fascinated, very, very turned on.

The reason I went to Freud first of all was the women's movement, particularly American feminists who were the most productive and articulate at this point. I'd been in America a fair bit, and the really striking feature in the magazines beginning to come out was the constant theme, identifying Freud as the arch-enemy, the misogynist of all time. He just represented sexism and the patriarchal society, both in his person and in his writings. Now, one can see very clearly why the whole massification of a debased form of psychoanalysis in America really did seem to say anatomy is destiny and that women are inferior because they are genitally inferior, the whole penis envy bit. So one could understand the reaction against Freud at that level, but there was something more behind the attack on Freud than just this popularized Freudianism of the press. Betty Friedan comments on all that in her book, in the early sixties, but somehow something got more intense in the feminist opposition to Freud. So, because of this double thing, I felt my own work had missed out psychology almost totally and because of this feminist opposition to Freud, I went to Freud first of all. And sort of perversely, found just the opposite, that his theory was incredibly useful for understanding femininity.

**Carol:** And so you hadn't done any reading in psychology prior to Freud?

**Juliet:** No, none at all. No, that's not true. I'd had rather long contact

with radical therapy, Laingian ideas, in the late sixties. I'd been in therapy, briefly, in the mid-sixties, this was radical therapy as well. But it had never, and for very good reasons, occurred to me to use it for understanding women, and so when I came back through feminism and to Freud, I was then really interested in *why* radical therapy had never contributed anything. It had never cohered with a Marxist, Left analysis of the position of women. When I looked again, asking why, I realized, quite right, it really *doesn't* contribute anything because it doesn't even notice a differentiation between men and women. And if you don't even notice a difference, how are you going to use that sort of work to ask what is specific to women's oppression? The work denies even the most minimal psychological distinctions. I mean, I'm not saying the distinctions are absolute ones, but as we live them, in society, there is a distinction between masculinity and femininity.

You wouldn't know from a book like, say, *Sanity, Madness and the Family*, which is all about women by *chance*, in that they used a women's ward of a hospital, that it was in particular about women. Schizophrenia may be non-gender specific, but that's a question that's very important. One wants to know whether it is, and if so, why? I think, as a psychosis, schizophrenia *isn't* gender-specific, but that isn't a question contained within the way the book is written. Everything in it is inter-generational conflict - well, many of those situations are also inter-sexual conflict, say between a father and a daughter, which probably gives a neurotic overlay to the schizophrenia anyway. But that's never probed, or discussed, or even thought about. In none of the radical therapies then, and even now to a great extent, there is no question that women might form a specific group.

**Carol:** I agree completely. That lack has troubled me, and it's one of the reasons the women's self-help therapy groups were formed, to work on their own problems together.

**Juliet:** Yes, I think that is just terribly important. Because if you have a whole area of thinking, especially the psychological area, that doesn't say there is anything specific about women, what are you, as feminists, to do with that? Now, you can get phenomenological accounts that are quite good of radical therapy material, like a lot of those case studies of families that have been written up and you can ask feminist questions of them. If you ask, what is particular about the woman in this, you would get very different answers, I suspect, from the answers that are given there: it would be a different way of using the material. That could be very interestingly done, but it just isn't there.

**Carol:** One of the problems that comes up about post-Freudian analysts, is that if you go to one of them, you are indeed considered a specific entity as a woman! You will likely find the Freudian wanting to help you





photo by Angela Phillips

through the Oedipal conflict and into the 'normal' range of behavior. Femininity is very clearly defined by society, in terms of behaviour, and therefore by your analyst. What about this as an alternative to radical therapy?

**Juliet:** Oh, it isn't an alternative. I agree, there's far too much normative psychoanalysis going on. It's become prescriptive of behaviour, this and that constitute the 'normal'. I've never had Freudian analysis myself, so I don't know how it operates in that sense, but a lot of women have complained, and I can think of no reason to think they're wrong. After all, the whole society is pushing the analyst to respond in that way, to use his work in that way. I mean, I just think that's bad practice!

I don't think there's anything in Freudian theory that should lead in that direction. When I say that, in fact, it isn't that there isn't anything like that in the theory, but just that certain things have been picked up and developed, others haven't. As far as women are concerned, those elements are dangerous: such as the biological language they're couched in, which is in a sense extrinsic to the theoretical development of psychoanalysis itself. But it was the language often used, by Freud, etc. That's one direction that's persisted, whereas it should've been dropped. If you look at Freud's later writings, he was constantly anxious to make his fellow analysts drop it. That's where the 'anatomy is destiny' line comes from. So when you get books saying, ah, but anatomy is not what you thought it was in the 19th century, like the Mary Jane Sherfey book on female sexuality which upsets the whole anatomical base that was referred to within psychoanalysis, well, that's quite nice, isn't it? Because it says, the biological base is completely different. But actually I think ultimately it's rather irrelevant, because I think the point was that psychoanalysis may have started with that sort of framework and language but really its triumph is that it moved away from them. It's actually not about that at all. We live in a very empirical society, one which is orientated to thinking in extremely concrete, biological terms, about everything; we don't really have a concept of the mind, that is anything other than either empirical, behaviourist or physiological. It's very hard for people to even think their way outside that sort of framework; and I think a lot of analysts fall into the same trap that most of the rest of us do, in our everyday thinking.

**Carol:** So, your point about Freud was that he was looking at the springs of behaviour, as it were, that deep-lying sort of mind, which is outside physiology, and reflects the culture it first comes into contact with?

**Juliet:** I think Freud's theory is about the individual human being's acquisition of the general human culture. How does the infant become human, which is a cultural process. Each little baby can't repeat the

whole meaning of human history, it has to be acquired very, very rapidly. That infant has to find its place within the human order. And while that place is a feminine or masculine one, it's never absolutely so. That's the psychological concept of bisexuality, which I do think is true. Bisexuality, not in the popular sense of object-choice, loving either a man or a woman, but in the sense that one has the possibility of the other sex within oneself, always. One's social orientation is always to the repression of the psychological characteristics of the sex that one, anatomically, is not; if you see what I mean. The important point about psychoanalysis is that about finding your place. And that's a mental process, in the fullest sense of the term. It's not who are you, but where are you, as a human being; it's not a question of identity, but of one's place in human society.

**Carol:** In a different society, one that was more liberal about the taking on of masculine or feminine behaviour, those internal processes connected with finding one's place would be very different?

**Juliet:** I think the processes are deeper than that, in the sense that... I mean so far, in all the important specifics of any society, while some societies have been matrilineal, most have been patriarchal in a quite real way. If you take our society, it's patriarchal, patrilineal, patronymic, you can really see the evidence of patriarchal society: look at the specific ways kinship works. Given that your society is patriarchal, where you are in that society is going to be defined in a patriarchal way. Your place in that society is going to have a different meaning if you are a boy or girl. As a boy, you will be an heir to patriarchal culture, as a girl, you won't. So you have to actually change that very fundamental organization of society. It really isn't just a matter of an acceptance of a more trans-sexual behaviour.

**Carol:** So the overcoming of the patriarchal society, you see as a political struggle?

**Juliet:** Yes, exactly, it isn't a libertarian one. Libertarian practices will only mean that you are less in conformity with finding your place. In fact you won't be a threat to patriarchal culture, and you may live your non-conformity as a painful disjuncture from the place where you're 'supposed' to be. That's what most non-conformity does turn out to be for most people. Because, in one sense, that's all it can be. That doesn't invalidate non-conformity: because, it's only through certain forms of experimentation that you can even begin to ask questions about conformity. It's just that, in itself, non-conformity can't change anything. Because you can't change attitudes in and of themselves. There is something that produces the attitudes: in that sense there really is a material base, and that material base is the patriarchal social organization.

**Carol:** I know that your concerns are primarily theoretical, but what do you think about the various therapies in London? Is there one sort you



think could be more helpful to women than another?

**Juliet:** I just don't know enough about it. I certainly think people should only go into it if they really feel they need it. I shouldn't ever consider it an *alternative* or substitute to the feminist movement or vice versa. I'd rather see women joining the movement. I just do think the women's movement is the most important thing for women to be involved in. Not that that will be a panacea or solution, one isn't going to get rid of one's personal problems, no way, life just is problematic. But having a sense of identification with other people over problems is a fantastic liberating experience.

**Carol:** What do you think of the possibility of self-analysis, say through reading Freud?

**Juliet:** Oh, no, I don't think that ever can work. There's a special relationship one has with the analyst, one just can't reproduce it alone. I mean, reading is good, you're going to come across bits and think, that's right, I recognize that, and other bits, and think, oh no, what nonsense, whether you're reading Freud or anybody. The analytical relationship is not like the radical therapy one, an egalitarian relationship. This is an important question, but really it's awfully involved. Perhaps we could take it up in another conversation.

**Carol:** How have your ideas developed, after working on Psychoanalysis and Feminism?

**Juliet:** Yes, ideas from the book have developed; but I'm at that point of formulating them, rather in a state of flux, and I find it terribly hard to talk about this sort of stage. I've a number of things I want to do, things I want to look at, in particular I want to do some work on hysteria. But how I do it is very much an open question at the moment. I almost superstitiously don't want to talk about it, because if I do, if I actually say it, out there ...

**Carol:** Then you'll have to do it!

**Juliet:** Something like that, yes!

**Carol:** That brings up another question. You talk in your book about hysteria being essentially feminine, although men can have it too. Have you read Phyllis Chesler's *Women and Madness*? 'She thinks that most women are prone to depression. I don't have a good working idea of what hysterical and depression symptoms are, and how they differ. Are they related, or are you and Chesler talking about two quite different things?'

**Juliet:** That's a tough question. You see, what I'm talking about is not that women are prone to hysteria, though that very well may be the case, but that there is actually something in the formation of femininity, which is the same as in the formation of hysteria, ie, there is a connecting link between femininity and hysteria. It would come from very early childhood.

Hysteria can be understood in a very simple way, if you recall how many of your friends, when having rows with husbands or boyfriends, have been called the hysterical one. In fact, you *are* hysterical in that situation. As he becomes more rational, you become more *screechy*, in response to his rationality, partly. I think there is a connection between masculinity and what is *known*, because it is a value of the patriarchal society, as rationality. But in fact there is a close connection between masculinity and obsessionality as the neurotic end of the rationality scale. And I think there is a definite connection, in its formation, between hysteria and femininity. This is all connected with the Oedipus complex, and the place you find yourself in. The girl's development within the Oedipus complex is connected with the moment which produces hysteria as a pattern of reaction, and the boy's with obsessionality, which is much more acceptable in our culture.

That doesn't necessarily say that, as a symptom of 'mental illness', women are prone to showing hysterical symptoms. There may very well, particularly in this part of the 20th century, be a tendency towards more psychotic 'mental illness' than neurotic. Depression could very well be a primary expression of 'illness' in our time. But when you remove the depression, I mean, let's look at it like a daffodil bulb or an onion, stripping off layers, what may be revealed is a hysterical condition, or perhaps vice-versa. The psychotic and neurotic expressions of disturbance aren't exclusive. It's presently acceptable for a woman to be vaguely depressed most of the time: after all, it's quiet and subdued. Whereas hysteria was a quite acceptable expression of a certain type of distress in the 19th century. It isn't that hysterical women weren't able to be depressed, too, or that depressed women aren't also hysterical. My interest is much more in the actual links of hysteria with femininity. So Chesler and I are on different terrain, asking different questions of the material.

**Carol:** What's the 'normal' end of the hysteria scale, given the male scale from 'normal' rationality to 'abnormal' obsessionality?

**Juliet:** There isn't any good value for hysteria, because there aren't good values for women in this society. 'Femininity', I suppose, would be the 'normal', or maybe vivacity. The only positive values for

women in a patriarchal society are caring, maternity, nurturing: things that are related to other functions, not ones connected with neurosis. I mean, even sexiness is very, very ambivalent.

**Carol:** I have heard depression explained as a reaction to frustration, coming from having no practical outlet for energy, particularly from Reichians.

**Juliet:** Yes, I also think Klein is right, about small babies having a very depressive phase. Very definitely, when you look at small babies, they're obviously depressed! Seriously, Klein defines this depression as an acceptance of both deprivation of and hostility to the mother, which would also involve energy having no outlet, and a *de*-pression of legitimate energy output. Then putting the energy back within the self, and holding it there, which is always painful.

I used to be frightened of depression for so long, I used to have really manic escapes from it. But actually, learning to be depressed was a very positive thing, not to say I *like* being depressed, that would be absurd. I don't personally subjectively recognize the description of depression being energy bursting but held in; to me, it's a sort of rest period, I suppose. Whenever I get depressed, I know at some level it's going to end, and that I think is the real distinction between somebody who is chronically depressed, and doesn't know it's going to end, and someone depressed in the way you and I are discussing. I mean, the sort of depression Chesler talks about, is the serious depression.

**Carol:** To move away from psychology, what about your actual writing: do you enjoy it, how do you do it?

**Juliet:** Oh, I really need a stretch of time ahead in order to write. That's what's so difficult, having to do all the other work that one has to do. It's often agony, really, I have to force myself to write. My main concern, you see, so far, is to present ideas; but I'd also like to develop some of that beautiful clarity of style some writers have. That's an aim. I had a lovely time after finishing this book, decided to write a novel for fun. And it was fun, just totally relaxed writing. If I took it seriously, as a novelist does, it would be much more difficult, I realize. Didn't finish it, of course. Now I'm back into my main stream, thinking about expanding the last chapter of *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*, and about hysteria.

## JULIET MITCHELL

### Psychoanalysis and Feminism

This is the major work of which *Woman's Estate* was a foretaste. Rejecting the popular notion of Freud as a male supremacist, Juliet Mitchell likewise questions the value to the feminist cause of the work of Reich and Laing. Her far-reaching study upsets many easy radical assumptions, and – more importantly – presents a penetrating and substantial account of psychoanalysis and radical psychiatry from a feminist viewpoint.

0 7139 0155 1 456 pages £4.00

## PHYLLIS CHESLER

### Women and Madness

Sex-role stereotypes, argues Ms Chesler, are at the heart of much of what we call 'mental illness'. There is a double standard of mental health – one for men, one for women – and women are encouraged or forced to seek the help of an understanding and benevolent male authority.

0 7139 0656 1 338 pages 16 plates £4.00

Allen Lane





# UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS

## 100 times a day



*Last autumn London bus women won the right to drive, which they had been campaigning for since 1968. Two of the women have been in the news recently: June Denning of Southall Garage and Kathleen Fincham from Palmers Green. June Denning, the first to apply, said "I am as determined as ever to drive. I just want to go up for my medical and see the wheels turning at last." Spare Rib talked to Kathleen Fincham about her work on the buses and about the struggle for women drivers.*

*You've been on the buses since 1951. How have you seen conditions change, not just for women, but for people working on the buses in general? Obviously the pay's gone up over 20 years, but have there been other changes?*

Yes, there's a lot more hold up on the roads. It was an unheard of thing not to be running to time, when I first went on the buses. There used to be buses one after the other and they were all full up. There was never any late running of buses because there were so few cars. Of course the bus driver's job was much easier then, because there were so few cars you could just drive from one end to the other. You didn't have the irksomeness of waiting such a long time to get away from stops. Now, there's a stream of cars and the driver has to gradually edge out to get into the lane of traffic again - it's making his job more difficult.



*What made you choose to be a conductress in the first place?*

I don't really know. My husband went on to bus work first of all, and then I went when they started having women conductors - in 1951 - and I worked with him... the union had quite a fight to get women conductors on. There was always this thing that you should pay a higher wage in order to get the men, then you wouldn't have to recruit the women. The opposition to the women has always been linked with pay.

*So when women were allowed to be conductors in 1951, did lots of women begin to apply?*

Not a great deal, there's never been a great many women. I think the most we've ever had at our garage - Palmers Green - was about 30 women out of a staff of about 300. You get young girls coming along who then find a boyfriend, get married and they go. You get the older married woman coming along and her husband objects sooner or later to her doing shift work, so she leaves. We've had a couple of unmarried mothers that are having difficulties about their children being looked after. One had to leave in the end, because she couldn't manage any more. She just found it too difficult to get the baby looked after.

*Do men and women conductors get equal pay?*

Yes, we've always had that, right from the beginning, and during the war as well. And women have always been allowed to do overtime. So they have been pretty equal, it was just certain jobs were closed, certain promotions. Women couldn't go as an Inspector, they couldn't do a job inside in the office, allocating duties and so on - which women could do quite easily. The procedure is that you go as an Inspector outside, and then you go onto this office work inside which is equivalent to or slightly higher than Inspector outside on the road. But they must do that first, because they reckon that's all part of the training. So it barred women from the other work because they couldn't go straight on from being a conductor. I think it's a tradition, that men had always done these jobs and they didn't like the idea of women doing them.

You take an example on the railways - you know they're protesting about women being guards. They're very short of guards, they suggested that they allow the stationwomen to go as guards. And they were very up in arms about it and yet they've got women booking clerks and that's a higher grade really.

## at work

*Can you talk now about your own work as a conductress?*

Although it's very hard work, I enjoy it, I enjoy meeting the public. It's quite heavy work, very very tiring doing shift work. You can do from about half past three to half past eleven, or four o'clock to twelve o'clock. Alternatively you can start at five o'clock in the morning till half past twelve midday.



*How are the shifts fixed?*

You could do five days or you could do seven days. You do a shift and then you have two days off, and then you start the opposite shift. You always change after your rest day.

It's quite difficult for married couples, we've got some young married couples with young children that work opposite shifts to each other. So that one looks after them in the morning and then the wife looks after them in the afternoon. One works early, one works late, and so there's always somebody that's there with the children. Of course it means they only see one another at weekends, or on days off.

*Doesn't that make you physically really exhausted? Doesn't it make it difficult to adapt going on new shifts?*

Yes, some shifts it does, it is difficult going from earlies to lates. I really like starting at about half past six till about half past two, I think I like that best of all.

*Does that fit in with your husband's work?*

No, I don't fit in with his shifts at all now, because he's gone on one-man buses so it's very difficult. We shall come round to the same sort of shift but we've been very opposite at the moment.

*How do things in the home work out - have you shared out housework, for example?*

Oh yes, he helps a bit. He's always done a certain amount. He's good at shopping - that's a big help.

I suppose it was better when I was younger and more energetic, I didn't get tired so easily. I get more tired now, specially doing these spread-over shifts - split shifts. You do so long in the morning, all the rush hour, and then you get so long off, then in the evening you get another rush hour. You do about four hours in the morning, four in the afternoon, or near enough. But the trouble is, from a woman's point of view - and probably from a man's as well - you go home and you do too

much in between. We've always had split shift on the buses, but I can't remember them being so long. They seem to have made longer hours of work. We used only to do a couple of hours in the morning, and then come back in the evening and do three more hours. I suppose it's the economic situation, get more out of us as it were.

The money's not fantastically good, not for the kind of work that it is. It's all heavy work, tiring work for a bus driver or a conductor. My basic wage is £28. Let's see on this wage slip - I drew £33.57 gross pay. Then another week was £42.15 - I probably did a slight overtime job that week. Of course some people work their rest days, I'm always too tired. It's controlled - you're only allowed to work one of your rest days, and two bits of overtime during the week, say two lots of three hours. That would make an extra thirteen or fourteen hours. That would be about £53 because they're on overtime rate.

*Is London Transport pressing for people to do overtime as a regularity?*

Yes, they're so short of staff. They say there's not enough of the staff doing overtime. Only about one-fifth of the staff does overtime, so evidently a lot more people find it tiring besides me.

*Does the wage that you get now enable you to cope with the cost of living?*

Well, I suppose it does do. It's not so easy for a widow - we've got one or two that are widows - or single women. They're not terribly well off, they're finding it quite difficult to cope, I'm sure. They mostly have to work overtime. It is hard for anyone who's a widow, especially with children.

## in the union

*How long have you been active in the union?*

Ever since I worked on the buses, because it was compulsory then. It isn't now, since the Industrial Relations Act came in. But



everyone's in the union, even now. But there aren't many women that take much interest in it. I'm on the union committee of the local branch of the Transport and General Workers Union, and I've always taken an interest. There are some women in each garage who are interested - lots of garages have got a woman on the committee.

*Is your committee mainly made up of men?*  
Yes, I'm the only woman on it now.

*And what made you first think about driving?*

Well to be honest, when I first protested at the 1968 London Bus Delegates conference, believe it or not, it wasn't because I was worried about driving. I was really annoyed at the shocking things they were saying about women. I was really concerned about the way they were running down the women in general and saying 'Oh we'll get rid of them all'. It was all the usual things about a woman's place being in the home and the women ruining the job. But the women have been keeping buses on the road for years and years. They wouldn't have been running otherwise, let's face it, because there was a shortage of conductors before there was a shortage of drivers.

Even now I'm not really all that worried about it. Mrs Denning is apparently very keen, isn't she?



*What about hostility from men trade unionists?*

One of the things they had against women was the fact that they weren't active enough, they weren't very good trade unionists. This was said at the 1968 delegates conference when they were debating women drivers. But a lot of it was very inconsistent. After all a man didn't have to prove he was a good trade unionist before he was allowed to be a bus driver, did he?

*Do men ever use the argument that driving is heavy work and therefore only suitable for men?*

It has been said that it's too difficult, that driving a bus is a man's job. Actually a woman said that to me yesterday, a young woman on the bus. I suppose the size of a bus is a bit frightening. I don't really know, I don't think you would know until you got into a bus and got out on the road with it whether you were frightened or not.

But I get a very contradictory view from men. I get some men saying it's too

difficult for women, other men say there's no reason why women can't do it. But they've said that in most cases they've found that women of the middle years are not very successful at this job. I've even spoken to the controller of Edinburgh Transport - they've been training women - and he looked at me, he saw I was interested, and he said there aren't many women who are going through their change of life that have been successful. He said most of those who had got through were the real sort of tough type.

I suppose it depends how the change of life affects you, it's just your attitude, whether it frightens you or not, when you get up in the seat. But the garage manager was saying to me yesterday, some of the men get up there and they're terrified. One man on the country services said he hadn't driven at all, and when he got up in the seat and tried to drive it he just went to an absolute jelly.

*Could you say a bit about the history of the struggle in the union for women to be allowed to drive?*

This went on for about five years, before it was finally agreed to. It kept coming up every now and again, it was always turned down. Once it was lost by only one vote. In fact the union is going further now than they ever dreamed - the original resolution, at the November 1968 delegates conference, was that women should be allowed to drive when there was no more work left for them as conductors. Subsequent resolutions, from 1969 to 1971, were based on the same thing. Then in September 1973 there was a resolution that women should have equal opportunity with men, and that was passed by quite a large vote - 44 to 23.

There was a demonstration about women driving early in 1969 - we had quite a good turnout on that one. But as I say, the delegates conference at that particular time had their backs up very much. But delegates change, you see, a lot of those delegates at the 1968 conference didn't seem to last very long. Then you get gradual changes in the delegate conference, that's why you get changes of votes. They send different deputies and you get different votes.

*Is it rare for women to be delegates?*

Oh yes, very rare. There's a woman branch secretary at Alperton Garage, she goes to conference when her delegate's on holiday.

*Were there other problems for the women?*

Yes, the central bus committee was out of order with the policy of the union. I think Jack Jones and the executive of the TGWU were breathing down their necks over it because their policy is equality for women.

It was a running battle between two sections: the Inspectors didn't want women drivers, and the drivers said why should we accept them when the Inspectors keep turning them down.

*Do you think that one of the hostilities from men might have been that they would think the men's rates of pay would go down if women were driving?*

Yes, there is this feeling around with all men that women are content with a smaller

wage. It's a vicious circle, because women are having to be content with it.

But there has been a change in climate because in so many jobs people have been altering their ideas - for example a woman traffic warden was put in charge of a whole section, there was a woman engineer who qualified, women have gone into Lloyds.

I think one of the reasons why women wouldn't press for driving is that there is quite a good alternative of other work in London Transport - London Transport has been able to offer more work for women conductors who've been redeployed - for example work on the underground, as station women, or doing travel enquiries, or office work of some sort.

But in a way redeployment is another word for redundancy - some women choose to go into early retirement. It depends what suits them.

*What do you think are the main obstacles to women becoming drivers?*

I think the women are getting a bit frightened, now that it's been passed, because of the hostility. I think it's something that you've got to bear with for a time, because in fact it was there when I came on as a conductor. It gradually wore down, there isn't really any hostility now.

*But presumably the struggle's been made mainly by the women who are determined.*

Yes, there's a few women. But I don't think there's a lot of them. There may be more in time, as a few go driving - then a few more get the idea. They tell me at Potters Bar there's only one, but she's pretty certain to qualify, because she's a heavy goods driver already. She was in the forces apparently.

I think when I look back on it, I was a bit too young to take life very seriously, but the country absolutely relied on the women in the war - the jobs they were doing, the heavy work they were doing. This is why I smile, now, when they say women couldn't do this job and couldn't do that job. I've seen the jobs women have done, lagging sandbags around and all sorts of things, driving heavy trucks. Some of the younger men don't even realise they did it.

But anyway I don't think housework is light work, I think it's very heavy work. I know after my operation they wanted me to take it easy, and the things they didn't want me to do, there was hardly anything left I could do. Making beds was one thing that was right cut - and you don't think of that as heavy work, do you. Until their wives are away in hospital and they have to do it, men grumble like mad, don't they. They can't cope at all, not very many men can.

*Last of all, what's the situation right now for the women?*

There won't be any women training till the summertime - they haven't even given sanctions for women to apply. You make an application, and wait. You could wait three months, you could wait six months. I reckon June Denning will be out first of all.

But they couldn't choose a man in preference to a woman, because it goes in strict order of rotation, ie by date of application; they're only recruiting from the garages, not from the outside.



**DON'T LET YOUR GIRL  
FRIEND SEE THIS FILM!**



**ON GENERAL RELEASE**

## Birth Control & Pregnancy Counselling

Patients seeking facilities for termination of pregnancy may suffer time consuming difficulties. Through Birth Control & Pregnancy Counselling within the private sector, qualified patients can expect to pay no more than £80 within the first trimester (12 weeks)-with a minimum of 24 hour in-patient care.

*Discuss the matter with your family doctor, or telephone:*

01-629 5428 / 01-491 2915



## COMPLETE YOUR SET OF RIBS

Nos. 5-19 25p each. Postage and packaging included.

No.5 - Family Everafter - Michelene Wandor on the family structure.....

No.6 - What the Revolution has done for women in Cuba..... Epidurals.....

No.7 - The Liberated Orgasm..... The Private Hell of Prisoners Wives.....

No.8 - John Bergers unpublished notes for G.....Abortion, all the facts.....

No.9 - Women in China.....Spare Parts on laying floor boards and tiles.....

No.10 - Tanya, the only woman who fought with Che Guevara...Bisexuality...

No.11 - Equal Pay, what the Hell's going on?...How we rolled the Stones....

No.12 - Sylvia Plath, unknown short story.....'Women and Madness'.....

No.13 - Why did women become Nazis.... Do-it-yourself divorce.....

No.14 - Are children loved enough, too little or too much - maternal deprivation reassessed.....

No.15 - How do you cope with jealousy... The new women's studies courses.....

No.16 - Jane Fonda interview..... Karate....Self help therapy.....

No.17 - A childrens community centre.... Women in the music industry.....

No.18 - How the female religion was stamped out... Choosing the right analyst.....sex shops.....

No.19 - 'Down Among The Women' Fay Weldon's novel.....Vaginal Politics.....

PLUS News, Reviews and Spare Parts  
AND Regular columns on arts, law, education, psychology, work, looks, sex, music and health.....



The alcoholic finds heaven in a bottle, and then finds she doesn't want to give this heaven up. The difficulties arise when the alcoholic realises the heaven is indistinguishable from hell, or that her heaven makes life a hell for others, or that these moments of heaven leave her as lonely and life as difficult to cope with as before.

The most successful way of dealing with alcoholism is joining Alcoholics Anonymous. Liz is a woman who is an alcoholic and also in Women's Liberation. She cannot accept the tenets of AA but knows no other way of curing her alcoholism. She has been striving and suffering a lot to remain an active feminist socialist and cure her alcoholism. What she says about her life illustrates some of her difficulties. What I found out about AA, its emphasis on group meetings, self-help and autonomy, and my visit to one women's group, Alki-Birds, illustrates some of its similarities to the women's movement and yet how it squashes the individuals in it.

# The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous

*and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation*

'My mother used to give me hot toddies to comfort me when I was sick or upset. When I left school I joined the Young Socialists for a while, but none of it made much sense to me and I left it when I got to University. I really enjoyed drinking, it got me over my shyness when I went to parties. But I couldn't afford to drink that much on a grant, I didn't go out to get drunk then. Bob and I got married when I was in my third year. The rationalisation for it was that we weren't allowed to live together because of college regulations which was a hassle. I brought to the marriage all the preconceptions about wanting it to be forever and always and a great relationship. I remember saying I don't want to get divorced and his saying, 'That's bloody ridiculous'. We've rather changed roles now.

I don't think I can honestly say I ever needed to go to pubs in order to meet people. Not like some of the others in AA, people who've obviously done all their socialising in pubs. When I got married I was still hung up on this being taken out for nice meals bit. I thought that was the height of sophistication. In fact, I always had this thing, that I would really have arrived the day I had a well-stocked cocktail cabinet and could say, 'What would you like to drink?' It never arrived, and it never will, because every time I bought anything I drank it as fast as I could.

Then we came to London and that was a sort of nadir of my life. I'd wanted to be an actress and I was very involved with Bob. I still think I'm good on stage but I haven't the inclination to uproot myself and go anywhere at any time 24 hours a day. I started supply teaching and I got pregnant. By this time I felt a complete write-off and thought I was bound to be infertile, it's so clear now, looking back on it. I decided to find out. I found out pretty quickly. It was pretty

miserable, but I got closer to Bob and I decided I wanted to carry on. I thought I'd have perhaps three at the time but when I did I found it was ghastly. Two kids are just a hell of a lot of work, they get jealous of each other. I remember I began to have morning drinks to sort of anaesthetise the mid-morning feed because it was such a strain having to cope with a bawling child while the other was feeding. Then I'd get sloshed you see, and it really used to be quite nice once I was sloshed, the housework and the children were all quite bearable. This was not drinking to get drunk, it was drinking to get into a state where I didn't mind things too much. I don't know whether Bob noticed. I think I told him. He took a very cavalier attitude to the whole thing.

*It really used to be quite nice when I was sloshed, the housework and the children...*

But then I remember I stopped. There was half a bottle of whisky left and I thought, 'I've got to stop because I'm never going to do anything except look after the children and get sloshed', and then I started painting. That was the first time since being an adolescent. Then I thought, 'Well, that's alright. I've stopped for three months and I've got it under control.' So I started drinking again just in the evenings, but there

were days when I got very sloshed because I remember once being very, very drunk on a bottle of Greek sherry and weeping to a friend that I couldn't go on. That's when we moved to where we live now. I know every off licence in the area, the hours they're open, every single one. I can tell you where to go at what time of day and I'd do the rounds so none of them would know about my drinking. But then there's the problem of empties, that's ghastly. You buy all this stuff, usually in quarters or halves. I was topping up bottles by this time to make it look I hadn't drunk much. I drank anything I could lay my hands on, but mainly whisky. We always had a joint account so it came out of 'housekeeping'.

By this time it began to get ugly. I've always lost my temper easily when I drank a lot, and Bob and this other guy who was living with us would come home and suggest we go out for a drink. I would have a couple of drinks with them on top of all the other drinks they didn't know about. Then I would suddenly snap and all this shit would come out and later I felt dreadful about it. Bob used to hate the rages but I think he quite liked comforting me through the hangovers.

Then we went abroad for a year. I was pregnant again. It's interesting the way one has all these mechanisms towards good health built in because I couldn't drink the last three months of my pregnancy. I'd get this terrific heartburn which was very painful. Although I got plastered the day we left because there was a hell of a lot to do. After we arrived there was no money to spare but then a cheap gin came on the market and I got stuck into that. That was about four months after we left England, and I was discussing women's liberation then. I do think it is a terrible indictment both of me and the group I was in that I didn't talk



about it all with them. It wasn't a proper consciousness raising group, it was sort of half consciousness raising and half study. Drinking escalates very quickly. Well, it was only 11/- a bottle, a small bottle would fit into my bag. It smelled foul. And brandy, I drank, and beer, in the morning or the lunchtime. Then I'd take the kids out in the afternoon to the swimming pool and I'd be pretty plastered then usually. I dunno.

I don't think I showed that many signs of it. Yet I would not remember things. I started having these memory lapses, blackouts they're called, and I didn't know who I'd been talking to or what I said and sometimes I wouldn't know how I got from A to B. I'd lose 12 hours, that's when it starts getting frightening. Bob would notice and I would ask the kids if I'd put them to bed the night before. I was scared I'd leave the kids in a locked car or something.

It's a nightmare because nobody understands. People say drink less, that's the usual. But the minute I've had one drink it's just not enough. By this time I was saying to people on an individual basis I've got a drinking problem, I'm an alcoholic, but nobody knew what to do. I tried to stop drinking again as a result of being involved with somebody else. I remember on the tail of a really awful hangover him saying you've got to stop drinking. I couldn't keep going round with half my brain knocked off, and feeling so ill. I said I wouldn't have another drink, which I'd said frequently before. Next time I was with him I said, 'Right, I'll have a beer'. He said, 'No, you won't'. I was absolutely livid, really furious. I flounced out of the flat and that was the first time anyone had stopped me taking the first drink. He didn't know about alcoholism but he said you are psychologically dependant on this thing and you've got to break this dependency, and that means coming off alcohol for quite some considerable time, like six months. And I thought I'll show you mate, and after this initial thing of flouncing off I thought, he's right, I won't drink for six months. I still haven't made it six months without a drink but I didn't drink for about six weeks after that.

The first thing that happened when I stopped, it was awful, it was really awful, like hanging on a cliff. I really didn't think I could manage it, I hadn't got any AA philosophy at this stage, knowing that you're only supposed to try and cope with a day at a time. It was six months here we come, which is a terrible mistake. After about three or four weeks I was feeling better, not suffering gastritis, and I didn't have cramps in the night, visual disturbances and I didn't get up vomiting. I could remember there were good things about not drinking. I'd remember what I said to people, I hadn't hit anybody and forgotten about it. But I was living on a knife edge.

Then things began to go wrong. He broke off the relationship. But somewhere, deep down, I knew I mustn't drink then; that I had to stay stopped, not to show him, but myself. I was only able to sustain that a couple of weeks. Then I was off on these periodic benders. First I wanted oblivion, then I'd think, 'Oh well, I haven't really stopped at the moment' and have another drink. It's like snakes and ladders.

AA groups help because people have been through the same thing. In terms of character

types, I think there are a lot of people who've been very shy, self-conscious, inhibited, often really successful but inside just a quivering mess. There are probably a lot of people around like that who are not alcoholic. Nobody knows how many alcoholics there are, except there must be some people suffering with nobody knowing anything about it, realising they've got a problem. Women are reputed to be more difficult to treat than men. They are more secretive as drinkers, and I think, because of the economic facts of life, women stick by alcoholic men longer than men stick by alcoholic women. And women usually drink in their home environment, which means that they are back in the drinking environment as soon as they leave hospital or whatever, it's not like the pub, which a man can just avoid. At first, I get into a terrible state about the spiritual side of AA, but I think maybe if I've got to depend on something, it's better to depend on a belief which may or may not be false than to depend on alcohol.

Some people say the power of the group is the higher power, the power of AA and it's true that it works.

*So I've stopped  
thinking of myself  
as the centre of the  
universe*

So I've stopped thinking of myself as the centre of the universe which I always did before, or I'm trying to stop. If somebody was angry before, I always assumed they were angry with me. I mean, people can be irritable about anything totally different, and just to get over that, and not see everything hinging on proving yourself, just see yourself as an ant essentially, one of the people and part of the universe. There are some people in AA who are atheists, but most people in groups revert to something like a god we were brought up with.

It's very weird, because now I can go around thinking bloody men, they're always putting me down, and look at the differential between my earning power and that of Bob's, and the fact that I look after the kids and nobody ever counts that in an incremental scale. It's all bloody unjust and I could go round feeling that and get myself into a terrible state over all sorts of things. I learned to switch really, and think well, I've got the kids and I know where the next meal is coming from and you know, I'm bloody lucky, and I've got somewhere warm to live. I feel this is difficult to discuss with some women in the movement. You're not supposed to take one step back. Well, I don't think that's true, in order to survive with any sort of equanimity at all. This whole thing AA has about resentment. In a women's liberation group, you're looking at the things you're feeling angry about and validating your anger really, saying, 'Yes, I'm right'. But, in the end, unless you can actually go and change a situation, do something, you have this cancer inside you eating you away. It's not the man who's put you down, or won't give you a job, who's discriminating against you, who's suffering, it's you. Unless

you can actually take action. AA has this prayer: "God grant me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change, Courage to change the things I can and Wisdom to know the difference". It seems to me that what's crucial is the wisdom to know the difference, because I differ from a lot of people I've met in AA about what that is - perhaps I've just been unlucky.

I don't have a straight environmentalist line about alcoholism. There are alcoholics, I'm sure, in every society. I really feel I ought to stay in AA but I feel pulled in two directions. What do I do when somebody makes a joke at an AA meeting, like I'd rather be watching a Miss World competition on the telly than being at an AA meeting. I don't ever say anything in these situations. I'd be odd and isolated and I don't fight it because it just upsets me, because I need to be there. I'm a socialist but one doesn't talk about politics at AA, it's all on this personal level and I suppose I feel isolated because I do connect the personal with the politics and nobody else does. Anyway political arguments upset people and so it's an area that isn't discussed and the connexion isn't made. I really do feel I'm picking up where I left off about 12 years ago, before I started drinking. I've anaesthetised myself. There's this terrible wilful bit you can't control. When I'd go shopping, I'd walk straight over to the drinks counter in the supermarket, the number of times I've said half a dozen coca cola and a quarter bottle of whisky, and it's just been out, just like that, and I feel this part of myself, reason has nothing to do with it. It might have rational beginnings, but now it's totally irrational. Alcoholism is the third biggest killer. Society keeps bloody quiet about it, look how much money they're making out of it. They put a government health warning on cigarettes, but they don't on alcohol. It really is the opium of the people.

*Bateson's theory*

Liz lent me *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*, which she said had helped her in understanding both her alcoholism and AA, the collection of essays by Gregory Bateson, and suggested I read 'The Cybernetics of "Self": A Theory of Alcoholism'. Bateson is an anthropologist, concerned with the types of social oppositions between human groups. After a visit to Bali in the thirties, where he noticed a society in which incipient conflicts were cooled, and competition was restrained, he looked for the reasons in the child's early socialisation. He found the Balinese mother alternately attracts and ignores her child, thus blunting the child's expectations and leading to a detached, formal relationship between adults. This was different from the types of social opposition he had analysed previously, where he concentrated on what he called the dynamics between complementary and symmetrical opposition. Some examples of his symmetrical relationship are keeping up with the Joneses, boxing matches, and of complementary relationships, dominance-submission, nurturance-dependency. He says either relationship can get out of hand and become monstrous.

Bateson argues that the reliance on the higher power breaks the symmetrical rela-



tionship The Serenity Prayer, mentioned by Liz, frees the alcoholic from the maddening bonds of the double bind. He describes it as 'a dramatic shift from this symmetrical habit, or epistemology, to an almost purely complementary view of his relationship to others and to the universe or God.'

He says of the 'double bind', it is a situation where the person has learned she 'can't win', because of her repeated involvement in a relationship expressing two orders of message, one of which denies the other. Some of the AA literature bears out this pattern of behaviour. For instance, on an alcoholic husband: 'Just as the real message to the wife

*The alcoholic  
experience becomes  
the AA Institution*

is what the husband *does* and not what he *says*, she must learn to convey *her* message by acting in a new way.'

Alcoholics Anonymous was started by Bill W. who had a military, Wall Street background, and Dr Bob who was a fight fan, after they met in 1935. They worked out, on the basis of their successful experience of remaining sober, the Twelve Steps and the Twelve Traditions by which AA works. The first two of the Twelve steps, and the steps alcoholics say are the most difficult but essential, are:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol - that our lives had become unmanageable.

2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.

The Twelve Traditions include, 'Our common welfare should come first: personal recovery depends upon AA unity', and its emphasis is on group meetings, anonymity. They would refuse any offer, say for a large amount of money, insisting it would lead to committee control to look after such interests, whereas AA must remain self-supporting. It depends entirely on what members can afford to donate when they go to groups. 'Our leaders are but trusted servants - they do not govern.' But Bill W. and Dr Bob, now dead, govern AA precisely by the rules they have set down for their recovery programme. The traditions were worked out over ten years of group experience, but they reflect the values of a patriarchal, paternalistic society. And it is here that some of the conflict Liz experiences between her needs from AA and her beliefs is exposed.

The alcoholic, in a sense, gives up her attempt to remain sober on her own, gives up the obsessional battle which has turned out to be self-defeating, to the higher power. Note the way Step 3 is worded: 'Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God *as we understand Him*' (their italics). It seems to be a 'Him' whichever way you are supposed to interpret the spiritual side of the return to sobriety discussed by AA. But this step breaks the need to assert independence, and the alcoholic can depend on a 'sponsor', someone in AA who will always be on the other end of a phone, plus regular

attendance at group meetings, in a process of self-discovery and recovery.

One of their pamphlets, 'Alcoholism, A Merry-Go-Round Named Denial' explains fairly clearly the role of the people around the alcoholic and the way the situation gets worse. They describe the successful male who is also 'sensitive, lonely and tense. He is also immature in a way that produces a real dependence. However, he may act in an independent way in order to *deny* this fact. He also *denies* he is responsible for the results of his behaviour.' Having exchanged a dependence on alcohol to a dependence upon a 'constructive Power, who most people call God', another pamphlet, 'The Alcoholic Wife', explains that: 'Even though they are perfectly free to understand Him in their own terms, as they grow in understanding of the programme, their approach to the spiritual side of the programme usually becomes correspondingly more mature.' This means that an alcoholic who continues to attend groups - and they usually attend meetings for the rest of their lives - is pressurised to conform to 'spiritual growth' in order to win group approval and be told she is more mature and has achieved a 'good sobriety'.

*"I don't understand  
the difference between  
spiritual & emotional"*

The Alki-Birds meeting I attended was an open one, at which they invite a male speaker. This particular speaker discussed gratitude, 'To understand one's gratitude is to understand one's humility.' There were both women and men in the group, sitting on chairs in a circle, who spoke up when they felt like it, commenting on what the speaker said about gratitude and how they experienced it themselves.

'For a long time, I was very angry, I didn't want to stop drinking. I wasn't a bit grateful but I was given an ultimatum, I came to AA to make my home life a bit more tolerable. After 8 months I thought just one more thing, and I don't care, I'll have a drink. All that was in the place of alcohol was pain. Until I learned to come to terms with things and grew up. Then it wasn't so bad, facing things, then it was sort of miraculous. I realised I wasn't afraid anymore. For this freedom, I am so grateful I don't know how to put it into words. I wasn't grateful when they took away the booze, but for showing me the way I am grateful. Now it means joy when I look at trees, the little things. If it's bad I can always bring that feeling back. I always used to be like that but I seemed to cut loose somewhere along the line, too concerned with my own feelings.' Another woman said: 'Faith is not an emotional thing. The process of recovery is physical, mental and spiritual. The spiritual is a little stronger, and more terrible.'

The first women again: 'I don't understand the difference between spiritual and emotional.'

The second woman again: 'Let me put it this way. Once at a meeting, an alcoholic said something so moving, that it filled my emotions. In fact, I went and hugged him. But sometimes, during the office day, if someone tears off a strip of me, then I can't feel

grateful. It doesn't arouse my emotions. My strength then comes from an awareness of the god in my person, mental, spiritual awareness of the need to have gratitude within me.'

The first woman nodded and smiled. She doesn't have to accept the higher power, the interpretation 'spiritual', straight away, but the confidence she has found in herself will inevitably, during the group discussions, be slowly eroded and she will need to admit she shares a faith in a higher power to continue to participate calmly in the meetings.

At a group everyone relates through their experience of alcoholism. This breaks down class divisions and sex divisions as they talk about their problems with it, and they discover what they have in common. They cannot, it seems, investigate their differences, their personal experience of class or sex. They relate mostly through reference to the AA traditions and steps, and what it's like, in a general sense, to be alive and sober. They give testimony to one another of the value of remaining sober, and the atmosphere is not to be disturbed. I found it a rather terrifying mixture of honesty, openness, and, at the same time, oppressive as they fitted their particular selves into this hierarchy of senses, the physical, mental and spiritual, the men did make sexist jokes at which the women laughed, and I felt strangled.

Because most of the literature has been written by men, it is biased towards their behaviour. One of the tips mentions activities like having a shave, doing a bit of gardening, as a remedy to gazing into space with 'your mind a complete blank'. It doesn't mention the problems of overwork, or the relevance of such tips to the alcoholic housewife, and 'AA for the Woman' publishes 'specifically *feminine* stories'. However Al-Anon, which has grown up alongside AA, and is organised for the families of alcoholics and so sometimes has more women involved, seems aware of a woman's difficulties, though even its pamphlets talk more about the problems of a woman married to an alcoholic than those of a woman alcoholic. 'The wife has every moral right and responsibility to refuse to act as if her husband were God Almighty whose every wish and commandment she must obey.' And 'The husband's attitude toward her new role may change from disapproval to direct threats or violence.'

The emphasis in Al-Anon is on undermining the alcoholic's abuse of the other members of the family. The danger is for the partners of alcoholics to feel guilty, as if they caused the person's drinking. One woman I spoke to said that for weeks, at one of their group meetings, she asked the wife of an alcoholic how she was. The wife always answered, 'Well, he's not too bad at the moment.' They concentrate on making the family realise it's time to look out for themselves, stop worrying about the alcoholic, so they can no longer act as scapegoats for the alcoholic, and even hasten the skid to rock bottom, which is the frightening step in their acceptance of lack of control.

A lot of what the AA members say about themselves is clear and seems to call for connexions which they aren't allowed to make within its structure and according to its rules. Obviously, men socialise in pubs, and drinking is a part of their working life, as is the maintenance of a tough exterior which



breaks down through alcohol. One of the men at the Alki-Birds meeting movingly described his feelings at the end. 'I am a man, and sometimes I have felt so akin to what everyone said about themselves, I tried to clamp down on the feelings I got. But I think I am selling myself short.' And a woman, 'I didn't feel much before I came to AA. I was like an automaton. I was brought up to think I could not cry.'

*The sociologists dug  
the grave deeper.*

Dr Bob said of AA, 'Let's not louse it all up with Freudian complexes and things that are interesting to the scientific mind, but have little to do with our actual AA work.' Various impediments to emotional development have been given as psychological reasons for alcoholism, and alcoholics have been dubbed types as 'the self-indulgent personality', 'the stressed personality'. This was in *Alcoholism* by Neil Kessel and Henry Walton, Penguin, a pop sociology book which is supposed to be 'most balanced', but which contains some insidious value judgements. The book hardly mentions alcoholic women, and in a chapter devoted to the alcoholic's family, dismisses the problems of women alcoholics in one paragraph, stating that 'women alcoholic patients have in the main more disturbed personalities than their male counterparts', and nothing much more on the subject.

Anyway, on whether there are physical causes for drinking, in the sense that AA talks about a 'physical illness', they write 'There is no doubt that metabolic changes do occur consequent upon heavy drinking although evidence that such changes promote further drinking is still lacking. If it were forthcoming it would show that physical factors played a part in making the drinking take an addictive form but not that they led to excessive drinking in the first place.' They document the apathy shown by the medical profession when confronted with alcoholism, and briefly mention ideology, the way the alcoholism which in fact killed, for example Dylan Thomas, 'is transmuted into part of the romantic legend. Ask yourself if you do not believe that alcoholism was in some way necessary for the creativity of this writer.'

They do agree that there are familial reasons for alcoholism, although it's not shown to be genetically inherited. One woman at Al-Anon said it was quite usual to discover that the daughter or son of an alcoholic parent married either an alcoholic or a tee-totaller. She'd been pretty wary of drink because her father was an alcoholic, and only discovered her husband drank when he rung her during a night out with his mates a week before they were married. She later had to cope with his alcoholism, and found it easier to accept because of her background.

Alateen helps kids with alcoholic parents, and operates on a group discussion basis like Al-Anon and AA, so perhaps preventing its inevitable reoccurrence. 'I was 14 when I came to Alateen and finally levelled with myself about mother's drinking. It felt like a big iceberg melting inside me that night. I learned alcoholism is a disease, not a disgrace, and I met other teenagers whose

parents suffered from the same illness.'

There is no clear definition of what an alcoholic is, the differences between chronic drinkers, bout drinkers and so forth. The AA description is 'a physical compulsion, coupled with a mental obsession'. Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic, and if the alcoholic continues to drink their lives shatter around them, 'assuredly on the path to the gutter, to hospitals, to gaols or other institutions, or to an early grave'. To carry on living and remain sober sounds fantastically difficult, and one drink is just not possible. AA stresses they can show the way to enjoyment in sobriety instead of feeling like a martyr. 'Since we cannot expect to drink normally at any time in the future, we concentrate on living a full life without alcohol today. There is not a thing we can do about yesterday. And tomorrow never comes.'

Kessel and Walton quote from a study of abstinent alcoholics whose lives had improved on the surface, 'But the investigators then undertook a closer examination into what they termed "the nuances of their lives"'. They classified the abstinent alcoholics into four sub-types. Half were *overtly disturbed*: for them abstinence was sustained in a setting of tension, anxiety, dissatisfaction or resentment. A quarter were called *inconspicuously inadequate*: they showed what the interviewers rated as meagre involvement with life and living, an absence of any marked sense of purpose, interest or excitement. A third group (12 percent) were the *successful AA members*, who had achieved a sense of purpose and contentment through identification with the movement. A tenth of the abstinent alcoholics were named *independent successes*.

*Your pride or your  
life, sister.*

A recovering alcoholic may attend as many AA meetings as possible during the week and then average it out to what she or he needs. There are about 600 groups in Britain, and they meet in any local hall rather than someone's house. The physical addiction goes in about 72 hours, drying out can be accompanied by DT's, and they usually have vitamin B deficiency, if not worse physical side effects like cirrhosis of the liver. Most of the women I spoke to at AA had been sober for years, unlike Liz, whom they would criticise for not giving herself up wholeheartedly to the AA programme. However, the woman at Al-Anon repeated to me what Liz had said: 'I get maddened when they talk about character defects as if you're at the end of a production line and there's a scratch. That's what they make it sound like. I don't see it as defects. Everybody's got character defects. It presupposes the perfect model you fall short of.'

One of the key AA principles is to get rid of false pride. The AA member has to destroy her/his need to assert or test out their parity with others. It is a rule not to try and develop a theory, but to accept the AA system works, and try and live by it. Step 7 is to 'Humbly ask Him to remove our shortcomings'.

Bateson's theory is that alcoholic pride is structured in a symmetrical form, that at first

drinking is competition between men matching each other drink for drink. 'At this stage, the "other" is still real and the symmetry, or rivalry, between the pair is friendly.' The alcoholic is then likely to go on to become a solitary drinker and takes on a battle with an 'imaginary other', gets drunk to conquer the universe and inevitably loses, surrenders, hits 'rock bottom'. At which stage he is ready to admit defeat and change his relationship to the complementary one with the higher power of AA, and live in a non-competitive relationship to the larger world. I don't quite see how he would deal with the solitary woman who drinks at home, but of course he only mentions men and sees the problem in a male social context.

In Women's Liberation, if I wanted to use Bateson's words, we could say we also have a complementary relationship to one another, that we are wary of symmetrical relationships. However I don't want to use his words. To accept one's certain amount of dependence on others, and solidarity within the group, gives a new awareness of yourself and your possibilities. Such a breakdown of isolation is political and basic to Women's Liberation, whereas in AA it's the opposite.

The idea that one can know the world by changing it is alien to them. Where Gay Liberation premises its activities on coming out of the closet, AA opens the door only to close it again. An AA member must remain anonymous and humble, and is threatened by the fear that if she doesn't obey, she will again be overcome by alcoholism. This threat is real and sustained by a combination of the AA religious attitude to the world and the passivity of the people in it. Theories like Bateson's, read in solitude and not to be discussed within the AA group, serve only to mystify the situation of the alcoholic even more.

The people in AA are not allowed to let go of guilt in pleasure. The women can't say their confidence is in themselves as they have rediscovered themselves in the group and found support in the effort to sustain sobriety. For them to assert the creative, sexual power of being alive and happy would be too revolutionary.

At the meeting I went to, the excitement of such ideas seemed to sneak through only to be crushed again. One woman behind me, who had protested she felt neither 'gratitude' nor 'ingratitude', was immediately lectured for not admitting she had feelings. She had said she did not want to use 'labels', and it seemed to me this was her way of protecting herself from the AA ideology. She was told she could not communicate if she wasn't willing to accept labels, and her groping sense of a new identity was distorted by some of the other AA women who pounced on her. Whichever way they turn, there's the prison wall of patriarchal authority. They look through the bars and see the clouds of another alcoholic storm. If only they could read each other's scribbles on the wall.

Liz is emphatic that she has had a lot of help and encouragement from AA and that she does not want to set up any independent group. However, she would be interested in hearing from any women in the Women's Movement who has stopped drinking with or without the help of AA. Write to Liz, care of Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.



# NEWS

*On November 13th 1973 Dolours and Marian Price went on hunger strike in Brixton prison. Along with Hugh Feeney and Gerard Kelly they had been convicted on a conspiracy charge in connection with the London car bombings in March 73, and sentenced for 30 years. The four hunger strikers demanded that they be transferred to prisons in Northern Ireland where they would be near their families. Dolours was force fed from November 30th, Marian from December 1st.*

## THE PRICE SISTERS



*Dolours Price, 23*



*Marian Price, 20*

*Oh, sisters - don't you weep, don't you moan,  
Oh, sisters - don't you weep, don't you moan,  
The women's army is marching,  
Oh, sisters - don't you weep.*

*One woman's hands can't tear a prison down,  
Two women's hands can't tear a prison down,  
But when two and two plus fifty make a million -  
We'll bring that day around,  
We'll bring that day around.*

*Sung outside Brixton Prison by women on hunger strike in solidarity with the Price sisters, February 9th 1974.*

Jackie Kaye, of the Joint Action Committee on the Hunger Strikers, provides a historical perspective for the Price sisters' hunger strike, describes the situation for the two women in Brixton now, and explores some of the political issues related to the London car bombings.

"Northern Ireland has a long tradition of hunger striking, it's a deep-engrained thing. In 1920, when the British were interning all the leaders of the republican movement, Terence MacSweeney, Lord Mayor of Cork, was interned in Brixton with no charge. There was no legal way for him to be force fed; he died after 74 days of hunger strike, the British made no attempt to force feed him. So Brixton has a horrible association for Irish people.

Since 1917 - when Thomas Ash died in Mountjoy prison, Dublin, while being force fed by the British, no-one on hunger strike in Ireland has been force fed. To an Irish person force feeding is obscene; if a hunger strike is something worth dying for, then it's regarded as obscene to violate someone's right to die.

The Joint Action Committee was set up at the end of December 1973 because of reports that both Dolours' and Marian's health was

seriously declining. Our main platform is that force feeding is torture and that it's a form of punishment. The Home Office calls it artificial feeding; this encourages people to think of a drip feed, or an injection. It also needed to be emphasised that the four hunger strikers aren't asking to be released - just transferred to prisons in Northern Ireland. We assume the girls will be moved to Armagh. This would mean they would be *with other women* as well as near their families.

*On December 23rd 1973 the Sunday Express ran an article on the Price sisters called 'The man in 900 that bomb girls see'. The article begins: 'IRA bomb sisters Dolours and Marian Price, jailed for life, are serving their sentences among 900 men - but they see only one each day. He is their prison doctor at London's Brixton jail. . . Elaborate arrangements have been made to deal with the "Brixton Birds", as one prison officer called them.'*

Now, the two girls are being held in a men's prison in Brixton. This means of course that they're being held for the whole of that time virtually in solitary confinement, as ob-

viously they're not allowed to associate with other prisoners, they're also being subjected to a great deal of abuse during their exercise periods as they're exercised in a covered-in yard which can be seen from the cells of the other prisoners who are all men. We did hear that the other male prisoners were actually selling seats at their windows during the time the girls were exercised.

When Dolours and Marian were taken to Ealing police station on March 8th 1973 they had all their clothes taken away from them and although they weren't actually charged with anything and weren't even under arrest, they were given very dirty blankets which they refused to wear. Ealing police station allowed male photographers to come in and take photographs of them while they had no clothes on, and these photographs were subsequently produced in court in Winchester, technically as a means of identifying them.

It was said at the time that Holloway wasn't a secure enough prison as it's undergoing some kind of redevelopment but it is apparently secure enough for the child-murderer Myra Hindley. The security in Brixton is very strict. The last time that Clare visited them she was given a body search by two wardresses. She was asked by the prison





Photo Jonathan Chadwick

Women in the Ardoyne, Belfast, demonstrating immediately after the Bloody Sunday murders in Derry, January 1972.

governor if she objected to being searched and she said she did. She agreed to being searched because they told her that if she didn't agree, then she couldn't have a visit. So she was taken to a room and searched by two wardresses. During the actual visit, the visit is overheard by, I think, 4 warders and wardresses, while 2 more warders look on through a window. There's no possibility of any kind of real exchange of feeling, they can't discuss anything privately.

They have special women warders, I think there are 16 of them for the two girls. That's extremely large: I think the ratio in British prisons of prison staff to prisoners is 6 prisoners for each warder. In high security male unit, you'd expect I think something in the region of 2 prisoners to each warder.

On the question of the bombings themselves, I think it's very hard to examine this in isolation from what's happening in the Six Counties; most people in this country are horrified by the idea of bombs which will harm civilians. On the other hand there

doesn't seem to have been any great outcry in this country at the shooting of thirteen people on the Civil Rights March in Derry in early 1972, nor, as far as I know, has there been any widespread revulsion against the revelation that SAS or undercover army agents are operating and carrying out assassinations in Catholic areas - six people were shot dead in New Lodge Road in Belfast by the British Army, shot from the back of a car. This was admitted by the Army, but there was no outcry in this country at all. I could give you many more examples of this.

The other thing to say about the London car bombings, which was something that also came out very clearly at the trial, and which wasn't publicised, was that there was enough warning given through *The Times* newspaper to the City police and the Metropolitan police for them to have cleared the area. The police at the trial admitted that it took them far longer than it should have done. There was therefore an attempt made to avoid any harm to life, in fact no-one died as a result of the explosions.

As far as the trial itself goes, a great many rules were broken by the police in the bringing of charges against these people. They were held for 72 hours without being charged or even arrested, which breaks the judges' rule which sets 48 hours as the limit.

In addition they were not actually charged with the bombing but with conspiring to bomb. This meant that the prosecution only had to associate each with the other, and thereby to establish a kind of prima facie case for conspiracy. In fact, although it's very hard to handle such a large amount of legal evidence, it seems there wasn't a hard and fast case against any single one of them, but merely circumstantial evidence. What's also extraordinary is that none of the families have been given the trial papers back yet, in fact they've not seen any of the statements used against them. It's clear that the police have done everything in their power to make sure that *hard* evidence on the trial hasn't yet been allowed to pass to the families of the people who were convicted."

## PRISON FRIENDS

*The voices die away  
The long voice shouts a final  
salutation  
Within, the reply struggles to be heard  
It is enough  
The bond is made  
And friends will sleep tonight  
Happy to know each other.*

*And as the stillness becomes  
So does my mind awake  
The thoughts that day's long passing  
has forbidden  
Creep back  
To think I must be  
To be I must think  
Therefore I know I am.*

*There was a man here once  
And now he's back  
They come and go and play at their  
Own tragedies -  
Nothing to me  
To them it's life.  
"Goodnight" he says  
And we say back "Goodnight".  
Now it is something to me  
It is our life.*

Dolours Price



The warning system: women banging dustbin lids to warn that the army was moving in. After the intervention of British troops in summer 1969, women's role in the struggle became increasingly active.



Letter from Marion Price in Brixton, January 7th 1974.

Mum, Dad, Sean, Clare and Dino, ... I've as much notion of ending my hunger strike as I have of joining the Young Unionists, and believe me when I say this force-feeding only makes us more determined. The doctor here told us that he thought the first couple of times they force-fed Dotes they'd break her and through her me but it takes more than that to break our kid, some pup she is, and now, even though we hate it there's no hope of it breaking either of us.

... Dotes isn't half coming on with her guitar, she was playing three chords for me today and she really is improving. Only thing was I kept putting the child off 'cause as she played 'The Grand Old Duke of York' I accompanied her by singing and you know me, not only tone deaf but stone deaf.

... How was my Dad when you last saw him? Clare when you see Sean tell him that my not being able to write to him only makes us all the closer and more important to each other. Mum, you know I feel very inadequate when it comes to trying to express how I feel about you all, you have always been part of my life, part of me, but it's only now I can fully appreciate the gift of such a family. I have learnt a lot from this experience, I'll end there. Take care, Marion.

P.S. Venceremos! Someday, folks, someday!

Letter from Dolours Price in Brixton, January 7th 1974.

Dear family,

... Health wise the Home Office says we are in perfect condition, wonder why Mar clocked-out on me today at Mass, oh yes, must have been the heat! (Tell me another joke and I'll try to laugh!!) ... I'd a bit of trouble myself today, got an awful pain in my chest when the tube went down at first, I felt as though it was curling up inside me and not going straight towards my stomach. It was taken up again and then put back down and when it was over I vomited only slightly. Mar has a sore lip as she explained to you and not to be outdone I've a little cold sore coming on my own, I expect the wooden 'gag' won't help either to heal.

... I also see that the Home Office have been labouring under a misconception, when Lord Colville says there is "no chance" of us being moved to another English prison he can't possibly have read our petitions properly (maybe that's why they were turned down?). Much as they are such a "superior" class of people I don't see how Scotland, Wales and N. Ireland could be regarded as England (our loss I know!) ... According to the regulations in that part of the British Empire from which I hail people belonging to political organisations are automatically accorded "special

category" status so I don't honestly see what the hold-up is here, perhaps we are to be the ones to prove that N. Ireland is a part of Britain in name only and even to prove that would make us very happy.

... I expect you're bored by my ramblings but I'll not be able to sleep until the telly outside goes off at 10.30 (one good point in favour of the Conservatives) so bear with me a little longer. We both loved the statements put in the paper by the internees, nice one for Mr. Pym! Their concern really touches us because we share their

suffering now and that makes us feel very close to them. No-one can know what total loss of freedom is unless they have experienced it and once experienced it can never be forgotten or forgiven, but physical freedom becomes nothing when your mind is free and I'm so free I don't even see the bars or the iron doors, they don't exist for me.

... See you soon, we'll have a good chat about everything, lost for news from home we are but you seem to be managing without us (hurt ego!) Love, Dotes.



Photo Angela Phillips

Clare Price, the eldest sister, showing the instruments used in force feeding.

## On Force Feeding

Letter from Mary Richardson in Holloway prison

Your shoes are removed, and your ankles pinched in the nerve centres if you move your feet. There is a wardress holding each shoulder, two at each arm, two at the sides, and these, if they wish, kneel on your ribs until your breathing shows a dangerous shortness from all this pressure, when they desist for a few moments to return to it later.

Sheets are flung over you, one over your head and forehead, another wardress holds your head, and one of the methods is to press their thumbs into your temples.

At this stage of the proceeding the doctor enters and you see his hands at work on the tubes in front of your half shut eyes. He introduces the tube cautiously into the nose, but then thrusts it with violence through the small nasal opening into the throat. This is where the laceration occurs and swelling - and the greater the swelling the more acute the agony.

Then the tube, a yard long, is run through this nasal passage, down the throat into the stomach. Medicine or tonic is then administered from an

opaque glass so that you see nothing. Food is run through the tube, and being rich and thick it runs slowly. Struggling at this point is impossible, choking and coughing begin and last spasmodically during the feeding. Tears stream from the corners of the eyes, though one is not crying voluntarily, and this pain and injury to the eyes alone is a fine torture apart from all other things.

After the feeding the doctor removes the tube by two vigorous jerks that seem as if they were splitting the face in half. The remnant of the food in the tube splutters over your face, and the head sheet is used to wipe it off with. The doctor now disappears hurriedly and the wardresses one by one relax their various grips on your body. You are left breathless, dazed, giddy, to toss back and forward until sufficiently recovered; to sit up and put your disordered clothing straight; to sit up, if strong enough, to watch a white wall for seven hours until this torture is repeated.

Is there any wonder, I say, that prayers are needed for a nation's forgiveness which tolerates such hideous torture in this "enlightened" century?

published in The Suffragette, February 6 1914.



# Women in Ireland • Women in England

Maureen Larkin, a member of the Women on Ireland Collective, links the Price sisters' struggle with the changing role of women in Ireland:

"We feel it's very important that women in this country should support the struggle in Northern Ireland. Firstly as socialists - we support the right of nations to self-determination; secondly as women - we ought to identify with oppressed people all over the world, and in the sense all women are a colonised people.

Women in Northern Ireland have come out of their stereotyped roles - they've come out in the streets, they've organised pickets. This isn't a consciously feminist response, but it has had the effect of breaking down stereotyping.

In Northern Ireland women have always been doing two jobs: the industries (shirts, linen, etc.) provide jobs supposedly best suited to female labour. But because of the generally depressed economic situation, it's harder for men to find work.

Then there's the incredible repression of women by the Catholic church: the lack of contraception and divorce has affected women very strongly; an average Catholic family would have probably nine kids. At the moment the struggle to legalise contraception is quite strong, particularly in Southern Ireland. A recent High Court ruling in the South stated that contraceptives can be used, but not sold in the shops. This means that it's legal to import them. Doctors can prescribe contraceptives, but for health reasons - for example, the pill is prescribed as a cycle regulator. But all the doctors in the South are Catholic, and would be loth to prescribe; in the North I would expect that Catholic women would have Catholic doctors.

There's also the question of the predominantly agricultural economy. The law of primogeniture meant that the eldest son got the land, so the women came over to England. This has been going on for centuries but particularly during the famine years of the 19th century. A lot of rural girls come over now simply to have abortions, or to have their child here. Then they stay here as waitresses, chambermaids in hotels, or as

ward maids in hospitals. The men come over and they work in the building industry. When I was growing up, practically every girl I was at school with came over to England at 14 or 15.

You can't get a divorce in Southern Ireland, so there's a very high rate of separation and desertion. Husbands would come over to England - they used to call it the £5 divorce in Dublin, the men would just get the boat and come over.

Our immediate task in the Women on Ireland Collective is to mobilise support, for the British to get the hell out of Ireland. But particularly to raise feminist issues, because if those demands aren't raised now, then when the struggles subside, the women will go back to their old roles.

Traditionally the women in Cumann Na mBan - the women's branch of the republican movement - have been organised separately. They were in a subordinate role, as messengers or in first aid. But increasingly since 1969 the women have been taking an active role in the struggle: they've organised ambushes, the rent and rates strike was largely organised by women. Hence the possibility of the women being lifted; also as more and more men have been lifted, more and more women have become active. In fact the Price sisters were both full members of the Provisional IRA."

Maureen Larkin spoke in her personal capacity for the Political Hostages Committee. The Women on Ireland Collective, which works with both the PHC and the JAC, meets every Thursday, 8pm, at Kingsgate Place Women's Centre, 1 Kingsgate Place, London NW6.

The Political Hostages Committee is an ad hoc committee set up after the hunger strike started. Its more general aim is to achieve political status for all Irish prisoners in the UK, of whom there are about 30. The PHC demand is that if prisoners so wish to be returned to Northern Ireland, then they should be allowed to do so. Since November, when the hunger strike began, the PHC has organised weekly pickets - attended by up to fifty people - at Brixton or at Wormwood Scrubs (where

Gerard Kelly is held); they lobbied MPs on January 18th; on February 2nd they ran a motorcade through central London.



Snatch-squad in Derry, 1971



Hunger strike outside Brixton prison, organised by Women on Ireland Collective, February 8th - February 10th.

## MOVING FROM BRIXTON TO WINCHESTER

*The light has gone out of my existence  
No reason left but the great one,  
The one that overrides all others,  
That takes my whole being  
Reserves and demands it.*

*Still there is a longing for the little ones,  
The wave of your hand  
That stirs my heart and makes me smile  
To think that for me it is there,  
The sound of your voice,  
That I know from among many  
That too is one of the little,  
Perhaps it is the little that is great,  
The great just is.*

*And I could say such things to you,  
Could tell you of my dreams,*

*How once there was a little girl  
Who danced in summer streams,  
And sat upon a mountain,  
And thought that she was God,  
Knowing in her innocence,  
All wrongs that she must solve.*

*Then I could show the woman,  
Still so much the child  
Who needs to hold your hand in hers,  
If only for a while.  
And would you gladly give yourself  
To one who soon may die . . .  
The child upon the mountain,  
Looking at the sky.*

*Knowing the whole world secrets,  
Seeing them at a glance,  
And having seen her destiny  
Was able still to dance.*

Dolours Price



# THE WAGES OF VIRTUE?

## married women students & the grants campaign

As over 30,000 students gathered their forces outside Waterloo Station on February 8th, one spectator, seeing a women's liberation banner, asked truculently: "What's that got to do with it then?". Good question. Some of us think that women's liberation has to do with everything and does not slot away tidily in a discrete little box of its own, but, polemics apart, the presence of the women's banners had a specific importance in this demonstration of solidarity over the question of student grants. One of the demands of the National Union of Students is that married women students should no longer be treated as appendages of their husbands and fathers.

The demonstration was the largest in the NUS' history, even though two special trains which were to have come from the Midlands had to be cancelled because of the ASLEF go-slow. There was a lot of public sympathy, the numbers had grown significantly by the time the march reached Hyde Park. The students' solidarity with the working class movement was clear from placards saying 'Vic-

tory to the Miners and from their response to speeches made by a miners' official from Kent and Lou Lewis, secretary of the Shrewsbury 24 Defence Committee.

Before 1968 married women students already had a "special status", i.e. were discriminated against, in that they never received more than the home-rate of the normal grant, as happens when a student lives in the parental home rather than a flat or bedsit. After 1968, however, the situation deteriorated still further when the Labour Government decided to freeze the married woman student's grant to a special low level of £295 instead of the current £485, or £520 in London, Oxford and Cambridge. This means that a student couple will be living on £485 + £295 = £780 p.a. This is what is known as the wages of virtue, and NUS was quick to point out such an anomaly to the Department of Education & Science. Furthermore, if the woman marries someone who is not a student, she will continue to be assessed on her father's income, though her maximum is low already. No account is taken

of her husband's financial status, so if he is unemployed or a low earner, and her father is rich, they could be living on dry crusts. One such woman now gets £3/term, instead of £98.33 because of the parental means-test; she is lucky though as her husband earns £1500 and they have no children. Allowances for child dependants are even more pitiful than for the adult dependant.

The NUS Grants Campaign and the present negotiations with the Department of Education and

Science aim to achieve parity for all students, whether married, single, whether at university, college, poly or tech. NUS rightly argue that the present awards scheme bears no relationship to the needs of married women. More than that, the demand recognises the independence of the woman, financial in this case. This is paralleled by their demand to end the means-test for all students who at the age of eighteen have reached the age of majority, and should no longer have to be dependant on the frequently reluctant generosity of parents, or equally, the parents' own limited resources.

*Catriona Graham*



Photo Pasco MacFarlane

*A section of the NUS march, February 8th*

## NCCL Conference on Women's Rights

The Women's Liberation Movement often feels uncomfortable at having such weak contacts with working class women. It also tends to feel like a lone voice in the wilderness, despondent about the possibility of making political links with working class women.

Any such doubts might have been considerably dispelled by the Women's Rights Conference organised by the NCCL and held at the TUC's Congress Hall on February 16. What was striking about this was the degree of infusion of ideas between women trade unionists and WL. Betty Harrison (ex-Tobacco Workers Union) said how much she valued Women's Liberation for the way it had raised the level of the women's struggle in the last two or three years, more than for a whole generation. And the relative inactivity of women in trade unions was consistently attributed by women trade unionists - who may well have had little contact with the women's movement - to the

socialisation of women, as children and as wives, the attitudes and expectations of men being as oppressive as their own attitudes to themselves, as well as to the restrictions imposed by the duties of family life and sexual division of labour in the home.

The programme included one of the BBC films 'Women at Work', and there were workshops on equal pay, anti-discrimination, the protective laws, pre-school provision, opportunities for women in apprenticeships and training, and social security, pensions and national insurance. There were delegates from engineering, foundry, textile, clothing, tobacco, and the bakers unions. It was working class women militants like these who I found most admirable, and from whom I felt we in WL have most to learn. Many of them were in their 50's and have decades of shop floor organising behind them, and this means experience in mobilising women, many of whom, at least initially, would not regard themselves as poli-

tical, and in dealing with chauvinist trade union officials and with employers. They talked forcefully yet straightforwardly, neither in bureaucratic nor in revolutionary formulas. Their political theory was implicit rather than laid down the line.

It was also exciting to find that so many WL members are active and competent trade unionists. They are mainly in white collar unions, and their union experience gives them a direct line of communication with other unions. There was a lot of talk of the need for cross-union links between women, as well as with non-unionised women, and a lot of enthusiasm for this kind of organisation on a regional basis. Some argued for a campaign approach, others stressed using the trades council structure. The London Trades Council held such a conference, open to all women, not just those from unions, on March 19 to gather and discuss information on women's conditions of work, particularly how they are being affected by the present crisis.

One important point made was that the trade unions should look more towards the community and the family. This was partly because women were not single-

minded about work and could more easily be involved in broader issues. But it was also to prevent the wedge being driven between the unions and the housewife, the unions being blamed for rising prices.

It was in the interrelated areas of social security, national insurance and pensions that the common plight of all women in being cast in a dependency role (and legislated for likewise), became more clear. We were assured that the Labour Party is giving priority to some progressive legislation which would concede independent status to women. The fact that women would fare relatively better under a labour than under a conservative government was insisted upon time and time again, as was the current threat to the unions generally.

There were awkward silences in response to such questions as what were the trade unions doing about the low-paid, the claimants unions or unpaid domestic work. In general, however, contributions flowed thick and fast and were concisely and clearly put, the direct expression of a multitude of particular interests and concerns.

*Prue Chamberlayne*



# Mining Communities

## the experience

Marjorie Hill has lived just by the pit head in Betteshanger, Kent, for 29 years; she works in a childrens home. Isabel Rosser was born in the village; she has five children and works for the Coal Board. Carol Fraser has been in Betteshanger since she was nine and now works in a private school. Cynthia Brailsford has been married to a miner in Betteshanger for 14 years; like Isabel she has five children and cleans the pit offices 5pm - 9pm five days a week. Margaret Newell came to Betteshanger from the Midlands three years ago.

One week after the miners' strike began on February 10th, Margaret Edney and Ann Scott went to Betteshanger to talk to the women. They described their working conditions and the struggle to make ends meet.

All the women live in tied houses owned by the National Coal Board - their rent is low, "but with our houses being tied, we're a bit like the farm labourer. We might get evicted if we leave the job". They talked also about the community ties in the village:

**Carol:** It's like a family.

**Cynthia:** Miners are born, they're not made.

**Carol:** It's an entirely different community in a factory than in the mines, or when you're living as we do at the village.

**Do most of the women have to work?**

**Cynthia:** Most wives have to work, yes. Years ago they used to work for holidays and luxuries, nowadays they work for necessities.

**Margaret:** My husband works nights and I work days. I'm buying a deep freeze which we wouldn't have been able to afford without my

earnings.

**So you don't see your husbands much?**

**Cynthia:** Enough . . . I must have seen mine enough! Where we live, so far away from town, a car really is a necessity, not a luxury. There's seven of us in our family. The press says, 'They could do without a car', but we couldn't. We've got to go out for all our groceries, prescriptions, and so on.

**The Coal Board haven't thought about providing any sort of transport?**

**Isabel:** We can sometimes get on the pit bus, it depends which driver's on.

**Cynthia:** The East Kent car company brings men from all over Kent to the pits. They come at shift times, so if you wanted to get to Deal, you could get a pit bus at quarter to 12 but then you couldn't get back.

**Margaret:** That's the reason for me buying a deep freeze because I'm at work all the week. I've only got Saturdays when I can go down the town.

**What happens to your daughters?**

**Cynthia:** It's difficult for them - for all their entertainment they've got to come out of the village. But there is light work and factory work for women round here. We've got clothing factories, London Rubber Company, Pfizer chemicals.

**And they take mainly women?**

**Cynthia:** Yes, but even the men that are employed in London Rubber working machines, making hot water bottles and swimming caps, their wage is £42 - yet the miner earns £36.

**But presumably they pay the women less.**

**Cynthia:** Yes, but the women are taking home more than the pit top men. It's a bit degrading, isn't it?

**You said you didn't want your sons to go down the pits, is that because of the dangers to health?**

**Marjorie:** My husband's had dermatitis for 29

years now, he's never been rid of it.

**Cynthia:** I saw his hands with dermatitis once - I've never seen anything like it in my life. He looked like something from outer space. He was in bed and he had his hands on the pillow, they were about five times their normal size.

**Marjorie:** I've been down the mine, the atmosphere's not very nice. It's no life for a man. But you see they've done it all their lives, it's the only job they know. Go down the lift, you might think it's all right going down. But it's not like going in a shop, where you can see everything. All you see is the black sides and the water falling all the time. It's a terrible sensation.

**Are the men tired at the end of the day? What does that mean for you, as wives?**

**Cynthia:** It's terrible. My husband comes home, he'll have his dinner and see to his homing pigeons. Then he sits in the chair, falling asleep. Then the kids come home from school, you say 'Ssh, ssh'. You get a bit annoyed about having to keep the kids quiet, but when you go down and see the conditions they're working in, you realise it's only fair to keep the kids quiet. When they're doing nights, he comes off on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and then it's a day of about a hundred sleeps.

**What about the cost of living - can you afford meat?**

**Marjorie:** You used to get corned beef when the war was on - it's ten bob a tin now. One miner could eat that ten bob's worth himself, if left to himself.

**Cynthia:** Meat is a problem, because our men are doing such heavy work. We've always had meat of some description, every day of the week. I don't know what we're going to do. I mean, how can you cut it out?

**You mentioned earlier that one of you ate**

## and the economics

It is now some ten days since the miners' strike began and ten more days until the general election, and really difficult to predict what the outcome of the two events will be in the next couple of months. But it does seem appropriate, having talked in last month's issue about the background to the Government's Counter-Inflation legislation, to look at why the miners are currently at the forefront of the struggle to defend wages and trade union rights.

This can best be done by taking a look at what has happened to coal and coal miners since nationalisation of the industry in 1947. The period can be divided as follows:

### 1) 1947-1956

The first ten years was a period of high demand for coal (output grew from 197m tons p.a. in 1947 to 222m tons p.a. in 1956), which remained Britain's only primary (i.e. non-manufacturing) energy fuel for industrial and domestic use, in the absence of oil, natural gas, nuclear or hydro power. This was partly because governments deliberately kept British coal prices lower than world coal prices after nationalisation, and the Coal Board was instructed not to make a profit overall, taking good

years against bad. Another effect of this policy was that the NCB had to borrow another additional £260m, on top of the £375m compensation to coal owners, on both of which interest had to be paid.

The period was therefore one of both low investment in reconstruction of the industry and consequent stagnation in output per man, and also a mounting burden of debt. Nationalisation of the coal mines thus provided continuing lucrative compensation for the coal owners as well as cheap fuel for British industry.

However nationalisation failed to secure workers' control. The Miners' Union General Secretary went on to the Coal Board together with three ex-coal owners, and other miners were given managerial jobs, but control remained firmly in the hands of management. What the miners did win was a wage that put them at the head of the "wages league" and provided some compensation for the dirt and danger of their jobs. In 1956 the miners' wages had risen to a level 25% higher than the average for manual men in production industries on a weekly basis, and 50% higher on an hourly basis.

### 2) 1956-1965

During the second decade coal was fighting a losing battle for fuel markets with oil, and coal production declined from 222m tons in 1956 to 183m tons in 1965/6. Output per man however rose by over 40% during this period with a consequent enormous reduction in the labour force from 700,000 miners in 1956 to 450,000 in 1965/6.

Coal prices continued to be held down in the desperate attempt to beat the incursions of oil into

the fuel market and it was the miners who bore the brunt of this policy despite rapid growth of productivity.

Between 1956 and 1963 the real weekly earnings of miners after allowing for price rises failed to rise at all, while real weekly earnings of surface workers actually fell by 10%. However the miners had secured a shorter working week and therefore on an hourly basis maintained a place near the top of the wages league. Meanwhile interest payments to creditors had doubled from £20m p.a. in the first decade to £40m p.a.

### 3) 1965-1972

After 1965 consumption of coal declined steadily in the face of the rising share of oil in the market. (Coal production actually declined from 183m tons in 1956/6 to 142m tons in 1970/71). By then coal was also facing competition with nuclear power and natural gas. Despite the considerable long term uncertainty associated with all these substitutes for coal, the Labour Government National Plan (1965) and Fuel Policy Paper (1967) were committed to the principle of a competitive market, and bedazzled by the prospects of cheap energy.

The Government did however agree to give aid to the coal industry to support coal demand for at least 155m tons by 1970 and to facilitate transfer of miners and redundancies. The cost to the miners of the closure programme was thus somewhat reduced, but closures were not slowed down, and the labour force declined from 450,000 in 1965/6 to 290,000 in 1970/71. Moreover the 1967 Fuel Policy Paper envisaged a continuing sharp run-down of demand for coal after 1970.



**"I had a dream the other night... An old age pensioner was looking for coal, she didn't have any. Then in my dream I woke up and went outside and there were five sacks of coal stacked by the wall. But the old woman didn't have any."**

**Margaret Newell**

Photo Margaret Edney



Left to right: Margaret Newell, Cynthia Brailsford, Carol Fraser, Isabel Rosser, Marjorie Hill, in Betteshanger, Kent.

**sausages while your husband had steak. Do you think the women go without quite often?**

**Cynthia:** One of the old miners in the Club remembers the 1926 strike, he came from a big family in Scotland. He told me that he used to sit down to his meal, he never thought anything about it. One day he thought to himself, 'I wasn't hungry but I thought I'd have some more. I went out into the kitchen to ask Mum for some more, she was eating the peelings from the potatoes'. He said, 'It made me feel sick. It really brought it home to me. She never sat with us, but I never took any notice. But I vowed that my wife will sit down with me when I get married, and she'll eat the same as me.'

**Margaret:** My mum was the same, because I was the oldest of eleven.

**Do you get time for yourselves, or do you feel that your whole time is spent looking after your families?**

**Cynthia:** You don't really get time. Last night we went over to our little club and we had a couple of games of bingo, and a drink of beer. I was thinking what a flaming existence it is, we do

**"The government haven't just got the miners to contend with, they've got their wives as well. I think the women in Betteshanger are the most united group of women in the country."**

**Cynthia Brailsford**

Despite the government aid provided from 1965, the steady increases in productivity (averaging 4% p.a.), and the increasing shortage of miners in the areas in which output was being concentrated, the miners failed to secure a major increase in wages. This was because of the general policies of wage control being pursued by the government at that time, and the high levels of unemployment. Between April 1967 and April 1971 miners' average weekly wages rose by 24% but retail prices rose by 28%. Real wages therefore fell even before allowing for the effects of taxation.

By 1971 miners' weekly earnings were 7% lower than the average for manual men in manufacturing industries (£28.0 compared with £30.2), and their hourly earnings were just equal (at 68p per hour). The six-week official strike of 1972 - the first since 1926 - secured a major victory for the miners in the form of a wage increase of about 20%.

In 1972 the miners struck after a decade of bearing the costs of the industry's decline. One result of the victory was that the Government was forced to abandon attempts to get voluntary wage restraint and introduced Stage 1 of its Counter-Inflation Legislation - a wage freeze - that autumn.

**What has happened since then?**

**Miners' wages since 1972**

Between April 1972 (immediately after the Wilberforce settlement of the miners' strike) and February 1974 (when the current miners' wage agreement runs out), average hourly earnings (excluding overtime) are estimated to have risen only 11% in mining as compared with 30% for all

nothing. It's bloody hard when both of you work hard all week. You need a bit of relaxation, but we never go to the pictures. You're just existing all the time.

**Marjorie:** There's one thing now, though, - we don't have the pit clothes to wash! They take some washing, you can never get them white again when they've been down that pit, never.

**Isabel:** I don't even try Marje. I just wash them.

**Margaret:** I go to the jumble sales for my old man's pit clothes.

**Are there things that you would have liked to have done, that you don't think you'll ever do now?**

**Marjorie:** I'm getting on now and I've never had a holiday in my life. I don't suppose I'll ever get one now.

**Margaret:** We went down to my mother's last July and I haven't been able to get over since. But my husband has to hire a car so it depends on whether he can afford it.

**Cynthia:** When you've got a family, it's not easy. People think you can nip off here and nip off there. But I've got five, Isabel's got five, it's not easy to get anyone to look after five. They don't want to know, and you can't blame them.

**What sort of social facilities are there here? You mentioned a club.**

**Isabel:** Something I'd like to do if I ever had the time is to lay on something for the kids.

**Margaret:** Me and Marje joined the women's section just a few weeks ago. We get a night out, they take us to London. Last September we went to the Palladium to see Cilla Black, and then we go and have a meal.

**Marjorie:** That's the only night I get out, once a fortnight. It breaks that bit of monotony, doesn't it.

**Margaret:** But there doesn't seem to be any interest now. Daphne often tells me how the women used to get together and have friendly dart

matches.

**If the strike goes on a long time like last time, what happens - do people get in debt?**

**Cynthia:** When I get my social security, my pay will have been cut in half. I worked out that I'll get about £14. Last time, I wrote to my mail order club and I got a lovely letter back, saying they understood the case and they wished us luck in our struggle, which I thought was nice.

**Margaret:** It took us months to recover from the last strike.

**Isabel:** You couldn't go away on a holiday, because it was too late to book up anywhere.

**Marjorie:** The pit was good, though, with rents. Over the weeks we were on strike, they just added a couple of coppers on -

**Carol:** Yes, you paid rent and a half.

**Margaret:** But with insurance, your Clubs, and so on - as soon as the strike was over they were knocking at the door.

**Were there real improvements in your standard of living after the last settlement?**

**Marjorie:** No, because it took everyone such a long time to get on their feet again.

**Cynthia:** We all thought we were going to get a fabulous lump sum. I think my husband got £15.

**Isabel:** Everybody was elated, and then when they got the wages, oh dear.

**Cynthia:** Somebody asked me last week what would I think was a decent wage. Well, we're asking for £45, but the way the cost of living's gone up, it should be £50, and then some sort of incentive bonus. Wilberforce said, two years ago, we should have a productivity bonus, and we should have three weeks holiday. We're still waiting for it, two years later.

I'm £2 better off today than I was 14 years ago, and I've got five kids. When we were first married, my husband brought £26 home. Now he brings home £28.

manual men in manufacturing industries. The relative improvement of miners' wages in the 1972 settlement has been more than reversed.

As a result of the shortage of manpower (over 3000 too few miners currently) and the stagnation in earnings, there was a considerable increase in overtime worked in 1973, with nearly 50% of miners working over ten hours overtime in April 1973.

The consequences of extensive overtime for fatigue and safety in the mines are obvious, yet this did not stop the Government from accusing the miners of wrecking the country with the overtime ban which lasted three months from November 12 1973 to the start of the strike on February 10th 1974.

**The miners' current claim and the NCB offer**

The miners' claim is for wages of £45 for coal face workers (currently on £36.79), £40 for other underground workers, and £35 for surface workers (where lowest wage is currently £25.29); a seemingly moderate claim when compared with the £41 average weekly earnings recorded in October 1973 for manual men in manufacturing industry.

This demand would entail increases of between 17% to 24%; the NCB offer is an overall rise of only 7% on basic wages as dictated by Phase 3, but giving extra increases for "unsocial hours", thus making a total increase on the wage bill of 13%. Only 15,000 out of 260,000 miners constantly work nights and would therefore qualify consistently for the extra increases tied to "unsocial hours". Moreover the proffered payment for night shift is

less than the engineering workers have received for twenty years.

**The oil crisis**

Since the miners placed their wage claim the coal industry has experienced a major economic turnaround in the shape of a quadrupling in the price of oil, and major reduction in supplies of oil available now and in the future to the British market. The coal industry is for the first time since the 50s now in a position to sell more coal than it can produce and to raise its own prices without suffering the ill effects of competition.

The government, in the interest of both the balance of payments and the country's fuel policy, should therefore give priority to the expansion or at very least maintenance of coal production.

**The Government's attack on wages**

The Government chose instead to hold out against the miners rather than jeopardize its policy of holding down wages as a whole. The miners however are unlikely to go back to work without winning their claim and some settlement therefore seems likely shortly after the election. This will be a victory which other workers will support but such a victory is always qualified. Firstly, remember what happened to miners' wages after Wilberforce: wage gains can be very shortlived. Secondly, a miners' victory is likely to be followed by a wage freeze (as it was in 1972) on the grounds that the redistribution of income must always come from wages and never from profits.

**Jean Gardiner**  
February 20th 1974



## Durham cleaners get unionized

Durham University has a long history of underpaying its cleaners - at 40½ pence per hour they are paying substantially less than other employers in the area. On top of this, they decided that the present crisis required them to lay-off cleaners on Thursdays and Fridays because the buildings would be "without heating and lighting in the hours of darkness and it would be impracticable for the cleaning staff to work." However, this great concern for the "national interest" did not extend to the use of buildings by staff and students for evening meetings.

The women were asked to come in on Saturday mornings "to ensure the offices are suitable for opening on the following Monday." But no consideration was given to the cleaners' needs to maintain their meagre earnings.

However, over the last few months a Transport and General Workers' Union branch has been organised with the help of, among others, students and women's liberation activists. After T.G.W.U. representations the University agreed to provide a fourth day's pay per week, but then informed the cleaners that this would apply only to those who had worked for the whole of 1973, and then only for the first three weeks of January.

The cleaners were not prepared to accept this crude attempt to divide their members; when the University ignored their demands for a full week's wage they banned Saturday working and picketed University buildings, calling on staff and students not to use buildings which nobody was being paid to clean.

Picketing began on Thursday 24th January, and the Students' Union and A.S.T.M.S. gave practical support on the picket lines. This sudden show of action by previously non-militant and unorganised women moved the University to request to see the Union Committee (which it claims not to recognise) the next afternoon. Upon being informed that the pickets would remain on the buildings until all demands were met, the University caved in and agreed to restore five day working with the provision of back pay for *all* members irrespective of length of service.

Employers will assume that they can ride roughshod over women workers until they are resisted by an organised and united workforce. Through

taking action the Durham cleaners have learned that they can stand up for themselves and enforce their demands upon their employers.

Despite this short-term victory, conditions are bad and pay is low. The fight for T.G.W.U. recognition continues.

A number of important points emerged from the cleaners' action. Firstly, the decision to picket was taken at very short notice - the night before, in fact. Consequently much of the support given was spontaneous, many of the students being quite unaware that the cleaners were even unionised, let alone planning to picket University buildings. The response of many students and staff was magnificent considering the reactionary nature of Durham University.

Secondly, the political nature of the patriarchal nuclear family became evident to many of those who had given it no previous consideration. The strike committee itself organised the running of a creche so that the cleaners could bring their children into Durham while they were picketing. (Perhaps it is kinder to ignore the remark made by one - male - member of the strike committee that we bring in women's liberation to look after the children.) The time of Friday afternoon's meeting with the University had to be delayed because three of the women had to go home to "get their husbands off to work", many of them coming from pit villages around Durham. Had we had more time for discussion before action was taken, we might have been able to talk in some detail about the kind of steps we were taking and how, under capitalism, political issues are interpreted as personal issues and, consequently dismissed politically. Detailed discussion before and during the campaign might have helped the women

arrive at a more realistic view of their role in the family; this, in turn, might have helped them see their industrial action as equally important as that of their husbands'. (At the start of the campaign for unionisation many cleaners joined or did not join according to their husbands' directions.)

However, the campaign is far from over. We shall now fight for T.G.W.U. recognition and in the course of this, fight for drastic improvements in wages and conditions. The Durham cleaners have won a victory, much to the University's chagrin. In the course of that victory they have learned many lessons, not the least of which being their ability to stand united against an exploitative employer.

Lynda Finn

## The fight against SPUC

In response to the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child's decision to set up local organisations, the Harrow and Hillingdon Socialist Women Group decided to fill the hall in which the inaugural meeting of the Harrow branch was held on February 19th.

Katie Duke of the Socialist Women Group describes the event:

"We had about 30 supporters, including women from the Watford Socialist Women Group. We began by picketing outside before SPUC's meeting started, with placards saying 'Not the church, not the State, women must decide their fate' and 'Free abortion on demand, defend the right to choose'. About half of us went in, pretending not to know each other. When we got inside we noticed that there several stewards, looking quite hefty. Some of us are involved in the Hillingdon anti-fascist campaign and we recognised a couple of the stewards as National Front members. SPUC had about 100 supporters at the meeting.

The panel was made up of the Deputy Mayor (a Tory councillor), a male gynaecologist, social worker,

rabbi, and a community worker with the homeless. They made it clear that these people would speak and then there would be question time.

The gynaecologist began by asking where the money for these 'abortaria' would come from, and said that it shouldn't come from the NHS; any available money should be spent on caring for the old. Then he said it was irresponsible to allow abortion at a woman's whim, to which we said were women not intelligent enough to think for themselves? His reply was that pregnant women weren't always logical.

The social worker, a woman, said people like us were bringing enormous pressure to bear on our children to have premature intercourse. We shouted, 'They're not children'. Then she attacked the FPA, saying they were pushing people into having sex and then abortions, that they'd received £70,000 a year from young girls. One of us asked her to substantiate her attack on the FPA, but all our questions so far were ruled out of order.

The rabbi said some interesting things: that pro-abortionists wanted to extend their extermination campaign to social misfits, infanticide, and indiscriminate killing, like in Hitler's regime. One of the women with us said that she was a Jewess, and that before her marriage she was given a handbook by a rabbi telling her to limit intercourse to 2 or 3 very fertile days in the cycle; she asked if this was still the case. Then one of the stewards rushed up to her and grabbed her by the arm. At this point most of us ran over to her, linked arms around her and pushed the steward away. All the SPUC supporters were shouting at her to shut up.

We asked the community worker, who spoke next, about battered babies. He said that in countries with liberal abortion laws, like Japan, they also have the highest rate of battered babies. Everybody by now was really against us, they would turn round to us saying, 'Look, there are the facts'.

Things got fairly riotous at this point. When the community worker talked about the dangers of abortion, we asked 'Have you ever had an abortion?' One of us stood up and said 'I had an abortion last week, and I'm all right.' It was great because then about ten of us stood up, one after another, and said 'So did I' - everybody looked astonished. But the situation was bad because we weren't allowed to make any statements, we were told to get to the point and ask a question.

At the end we started chanting, 'Women must decide their fate, not the church and not the state', we also told them that we would disrupt the forthcoming rally that they announced at the meeting. A couple of the men who were with us had bruises and scratches from the stewards. Outside we found three or four police cars - there had been two at the start of the meeting.

We were very elated at first, by the sheer fact that we'd been able to disrupt SPUC's meeting. But it was depressing too, we were misrepresented since we were always the ones who were 'out of order'. Though it was cheering that several



people left before the end, the implication being that they wouldn't be joining the Harrow branch of SPUC."

SPUC are holding a White Flower rally on April 28th in Hyde Park. The Harrow and Hillingdon Socialist Women Group want to organise a counter-campaign, to be called Red Flower. They need as much support as possible: contact Sue Spilling (863 2294), Leonora Lloyd (863 6089) or Katie Duke (427 9201).

## Classified

■ **CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING** RATES: 5p per word, box no's 50p. Must be prepaid and sent to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh St., London W1A 4XS. Spare Rib reserves the right to refuse classified ads. Please make all cheques and postal orders payable to Spare Ribs Ltd.

■ **PREGNANT WOMAN** seeks others to form together a Council-financed playgroup in Highbury for under threes. Phone Luciana at 01-226 2494 or 01-226 7615 evenings.

■ **WORKING ROCK BAND** needs woman drummer. Phone Marion at 01-437 2070

■ **SAPPHO MAGAZINE**. Published by homosexual women for all women. Monthly 30p inc postage. BCM/PETREL, London WC1V 6XX. Meeting first Monday each month. Upstairs Room. 7.30 pm Euston Tavern, Judd St/Euston Rd., London NW1. April Meeting. Sappho Anniversary party. £1.00 admission.

■ **NEW DESIGN WOMEN'S LIBERATION BADGE**. 14p incl. Post) from Sisterhood Books, c/o 22 Great Windmill St., London W1

■ **WOMEN PAINTERS GROUP**. If any women painters want to join we can be reached at the South London Women's Centre, 14 Radnor Terrace SW8.

■ **POSTAL INTRODUCTIONS** for friendship or marriage. Details from Duet, 11 Macclesfield St, London W1

■ **WOMEN PSYCHOTHERAPIST** (Jungian) now has vacancies. Highgate area. Tel: 01-348 5593

■ **HELP ADVISORY Service**. 79 Buckingham Palace Rd., London SW1 828 7495

■ **WOMEN'S LIBERATION LITERATURE** or any books. Send SAE for free booklist to H Rutovitz, 31 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.

■ **SISTERHOOD BOOKS**, c/o 22 Great Windmill St., London W1. Send SAE for list.

■ **SOME PEOPLE WITH KIDS** who reject the nuclear family want to meet others so that we can co-operatively rent/buy a place to live together. Ring Sarah 01-348 3475 (N8)

■ **GENTLE GHOST HELP** Advice and Information. If there is no one you can share your problems with, or if you are suffering from the unrealities of our materialist society, come along to 33 Norland Road, W11. (2nd floor) where there will be someone you can talk to (in private); or phone 01-603 8983. Mon-Sat 10am - 6pm.

■ **GENTLE GHOST SERVICES** include: artists, cooking, decorating, domestic services, dressmaking, gardening, journalism, research, removals, secretarial and teaching; but try us for anything and we may be able to help. 01-603 2871 Services; 01-603 2865 Removals; 01-603 8983 Help advice and information. 33 Norland Rd. W11

■ **HOMOSEXUAL/BISEXUAL WOMEN** join the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. CHE is your voice - make it louder! Meetings and socials throughout Britain. Send 9 x 4 sae to CHE (332), 28 Kennedy Street, Manchester 2

■ **IF YOU STAMMER** could you please write to me, and the boogie will pull you through. Box no. 221

■ **THE GIRLS' GUIDE** - 1974 Over 700 Listings in more than 20 countries - including clubs, bars, discos, organisations, newspapers, magazines and much, much more for gay women: £2.00 from: The Girls' Guide, 70 Pembroke Rd., Kensington, London W8

■ **WOMEN'S BOOKS**, wide range available from 11 Waverley Rd., Bristol 6.

■ **NUCLEAR TESTING** can mean cancer, damaged babies, and war. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament fights against all nuclear weapons. Keep in touch by reading Sanity - £1 per year. CND, 14 Grays Inn Rd., London WC1

■ **ANTI APARTHEID NEWS** describes what life is like in Vorster's South Africa, carries news of the liberation struggle in South Africa, Rhodesia, Namibia and Portugal's African colonies, exposes British collaboration with apartheid - and involves you in the fight against it. 10 issues a year. Membership of the Anti-Apartheid Movement (which includes subscription to AA News), £2 pa: subscription only, 75p pa. Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte St., London W1. Tel. 01-580 5311

■ **FEMALE/female exclusive** introductions; highly confidential service for release, friendship, liberation, etc. SAE - "Lesbos and Ariadne", The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT

■ **CONTACTS UNLIMITED** The only dating service that pays personal attention to selecting dates that really appreciate your scene. Free questionnaire 01-387-8150 (24 hrs.) or 2 Gt. Marlborough St W1.

■ **Reliable hi-fi-repairs** phone Mick 573-2352.

## The ones that got away...

*Even a casual reader of newspapers can find enough sexism in an average daily to make her throw it down in rage... Zoe Fairbairns, who has to read some fifty newspapers a week, finds that it is not just the major Woman's Page type stories that have the power to infuriate. It is the shorts, the snide comments, the letters, the ads... from a month of reading, she brings you some of the obscure stories you may have missed the first time, the ones that got away.*

The Wood Green Weekly Herald produced, surely unwittingly, a fine collage-style comment on the status of women on its front page on February 1st. The first things to hit you as you look at it are: a) a pin-up of "Supergirl Susan" who has just won the title of Miss Office World 1974 and had her thighs photographed to prove it; a) immediately to the left, the headline "Raped Girl, 14, left half naked in bushes"; and c) just underneath, a photo and banner headline: "Nellie, 97, is Sent Home to an Empty House." Another headline deserving a mention this month: Margaret Beauvoisin, who has just achieved an Open University degree, despite her commitment to a disabled husband and eleven children, was rewarded in the Daily Express (January 25) with "Meet the Washday B.A."

But the picture of the month was undoubtedly that of Monica Jenkin, wife of Minister for Energy Patrick, showing (January 16) how she would be saving energy in the home. She would be turning off the electric dishwasher and washing up by hand. As usual, "the housewife" was decreed chief conservator of resources in the home, though few commentators went as far in shelving responsibility for the crisis as the Sunday Times on January 20 with its "How the Housewife Can Put Britain Back on a Four Day Week" (i.e. by continuing her own seven-day week without any electric assistance.)

*And two cheers for the Scottish Miner, journal of the Scottish N.U.M. for its decision on principle to carry no more pin-ups of women in its pages. Why only two cheers? Because the issue of the paper that carried this announcement also carried details of how to enter for the annual 'Coal Queen' contest.... (Morning Star, February 13.)*

Two small items of interest from Hansard... Alec Jones asked Robin Chichester-Clark on February 4 how many men and how many women were at present following courses in Government Training Centres in Britain. The answer was a staggering 10,547 men and 17 women, but "vacancies are open equally to men and women." And on February 1, Leslie Huckfield asked Keith Joseph for the names and addresses of authorised abortion clinics. Sir Keith obliged, although he restricted his list to clinics in England, ignoring the Scots and the Welsh (much as statistics on women are ignored, almost invariably, in parliamentary answers on wage rates and employment, unless specifically asked for.) There are 57 authorised abortion centres in England, and a copy of Sir Keith's answer can be had from the address below.

*It's been a bumper month for quotable quotes: Jean Rook, in the middle of a sycophantic interview with Anthony Quinn, most of whose remarks on women were of the "a woman should be innocent and womanly" variety, declared: "You get the urge to take him home and hang him on your wall" (Daily Express, January 30)... Cambodian Government sources had the following to say on discovering that many of the battalions of guerrillas besieging Phnom Penh are all-female: "the use of women by the insurgent army indicates its weakness and its desperation to find enough personnel" (International Herald Tribune, January 10)... William Cernyn Jones (Observer, February 10) had reassurances for readers on the subject of Maria Horta, one of the Portuguese 'Three Marias' on trial for producing an 'obscene' feminist book: "Ms Horta is a dedicated Women's Libber but she expresses her deeply-felt views with reason and without bitterness. Even her most forthright views are accompanied with a disarming smile...";*

If you would like a copy of Keith Joseph's list of English abortion centres, send a stamped addressed envelope to me at 79 Brooke Road, Stamford Hill, London N16.



# The French Abortion Debate

Every year 400,000 illegal abortions are performed in France; one in every thousand women who has an abortion dies. Casualties are usually the poor, or foreign-born, who have not had access to birth control information and haven't the money to go abroad for abortions to countries where they are legal and performed in safer conditions. Twelve thousand French women go each year to Holland alone; thousands more are cared for in Britain's version of 'abortion tourism'.

Yet, on the books, article 317 of the penal code forbids abortion in France except for very strictly defined medical reasons. Under this legislation, only 300 pregnancies are legally terminated each year. If the law limiting abortion so narrowly had been strictly applied since its passage in 1920, 15,000,000 French women would have gone to prison.

Bills recently proposed by Gaullist ministers indicate that the government wants to face the facts of abortion, despite lack of support from within the ranks of its own majority party, the Union Démocratique-Républicaine (UDR). Proposals include broadening the conditions under which abortion can be obtained to include psychological factors, as well as providing clinics to carry out the operations in safer conditions. The public seems to support such change; although some feel that the government's specific proposals may be too liberal, and others point out that they would still only cover about 10 per cent of present clandestine abortions, over 80 per cent of the French public confirmed in a recent poll that they wished to see changes in France's outdated abortion law.

Yet, in December, the government's proposal for repeal of the anachronistic legislation on abortion was sent back to committee for the third time. Similar proposals had already been referred back to the legal committee for reconsideration, and the Committee on Cultural, Family, and Social Affairs, to which the latest measures have again been referred by a vote of 255 to 212 to 'allow time for further reflection'.

The government promises that the bill will be considered as a matter of priority at the next session of Parliament in April, but as the same committee has already held 60 hours of hearings, received 41 groups for discussion, heard 148 testimonies, received over 1,000 pages of written evidence, debated the matter for 24 hours and prepared 200 pages of reports, it is difficult to see what will happen before April to enable the bill's passage.

Government spokesman, M. Jean Tattinger, Keeper of the Seals, said before the debate that 'If the government wants it, and the people want it, and yet it is impossible to obtain parliamentary approval of the measure, can this be democracy?' Tattinger

also drew the attention of the Assembly to the fact that 480 men and 8 women were deciding on a question which affected 15 million French women, representing 53 per cent of the electorate, who had not been consulted on the measure. The galleries, packed with women throughout the debate, heard Tattinger deplore the situation publicly. Commenting on the lack of attention displayed by many deputies during important testimony, he declared that if this assembly were half composed of women, I'm sure I would be listened to with more attention'. Another government deputy, Paul Vauclair of Hauts-de-Seine also regretted that women had not been polled on the issue, but acknowledged that a referendum on the matter would be difficult.

Just prior to the vote, the government, fearing that passage of the bill would be primarily due to support from the left and would therefore represent a political setback for the UDR, retreated from its position of strong support for the bill, saying that it would not oppose sending the bill back to committee as long as this was not interpreted as a setback. In the circumstances, Tattinger's question offers much food for thought. If the government and the large majority of the population are in favour of change, what is holding back repeal of the old law?

Opposition to the bill which surfaced during the parliamentary discussion covered a wide variety of issues. The Christian point of view, although directly voiced by only a few deputies who felt that the embryo was a human being from the point of fertilisation, and that the sacred principle of respect for human life could not be infringed, was undoubtedly a powerful factor in the bill's defeat. A M. Hamel, representing Rhone, put this view most explicitly, stating that as life continued after death, abortion would deprive the foetus not only of life on earth, but also of the eternal blessings of life after death. The Archbishop of Marseilles spoke out strongly on the issue, declaring that social measures are more urgent than new legislation on abortion. He insisted that the church was well aware of new advances in biology, but still rejected any change in its view on the origins of life, fearing that this would only lead to further disrespect for human life. Some deputies who showed hesitancy on this question during preliminary hearings on the abortion bill were, according to *Le Monde*, ex-communicated en bloc.

*Laissez-les-vivre*, one of the best-known groups leading the fight against abortion, put it that, 'At each abortion, Christ is murdered', but others secularised the argument, maintaining that the inviolability of human life has become a lay ethic, and is a basic precept of a civilised society which must remain inviolable. Proponents of the bill countered this argument by pointing out that respect for human life is not an absolute value in our society in any case; in western countries life expectancy can be up to 70, while because we do not

share our wealth, the majority of the inhabitants of developing countries cannot expect to live much beyond 30.

*Laissez-les-vivre* also linked their campaign for retaining present legislation to the celebration in 1973 of the 25th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, signed by France, which states that every human being has the right to life and that mothers and children are entitled to special protection. In the passionate discussion which accompanied the debate, *Choisir*, an organisation favouring liberalisation, charged that such statements by the retention group represented 'moral and verbal terrorism'.

Approaching the issue of at what moment the foetus becomes human, Dr Bourson, an independent republican from Yvelines attempted to move away from theological debate, and provide scientific evidence. He placed three foetuses of 3, 5, and 9 weeks in specimen jars, and brought them to the Assembly for inspection by his colleagues, maintaining that as the foetus developed human characteristics at nine weeks, abortion should be permitted up until the eighth week. Another doctor, one M. Pons from Lot, arose at this point to confess that as a general practitioner, he had followed a policy which he knew many of his colleagues had been forced to adopt as well; for as long as possible he would try and calm the fears of a girl worried at a possible pregnancy until it was too late for her to do anything about it.

As discussions progressed, debate alternated between reasoned and intelligent discussion, to what can most charitably be described as 'interesting points of view'. Some deputies feared that liberalised abortion would lead to a falling birth rate, and raised the spectre of 19th century France, when a low birth rate had been a factor in France's unpreparedness for German aggression. Ghosts of a 20th century variety were raised by speakers who warned that higher birth rates amongst immigrants than amongst native-born French women were threatening the nature of the French nation.

*Laissez-les-vivre* re-entered the discussion here, maintaining that proposals to suspend the penal code article outlawing abortion ought to be denounced as anti-democratic, as authoritarian regimes such as Chile and Greece always started off on their road to tyranny by suspending the law.

Deputy René Fiet of the Jura region of France warned that in aborting children when physical or mental deformity was feared, society ran the risk of eliminating potentially unique and valuable human beings, citing the case of Tom Thumb (or Tom 'Pouce' as he came out in French Parliament) as an example of an exceptional human being who might never have been born in an era of liberalised abortion legislation.



A.M. Foyer of Maine-et-Loire spoke on the same sort of 'where will it all lead,' theme, cautioning that contraception led to premature births and deformed children and maintaining that, 'In 1967 we approved contraception in order to solve the abortion problem. Now, it's abortion. Who knows if next they will demand that we authorise the infanticide of handicapped children as the last resort.' M. Bizet from Manche carried this line of 'reasoning' still further, saying 'If we accept the escalation in abortion, what's to stop us from coming to homosexual marriage?'

Still others tried to link that abortion issue to the adoption problem in France, where each year between 30 and 40,000 requests for adoption are made, but only 4,500 babies are available. Deputies favouring the bill and all of the major adoption reform groups attacked this position, blaming contradictory and obstructive legislation rather than abortion for the shortage of babies for adoption.

In answer to many of the charges raised by abortion opponents, proponents of change drew attention not only to the discrimination against the poor inherent in the current hypocrisy and the high death rate from bungled operations, but also suggested that lack of regard for the present unenforced and unenforceable law only served to create a more general disrespect for the rule of law. Reformers repeatedly declared that they were unwilling to allow the

**religious opinions of one sector of the population to dictate to others, and called for the recognition of abortion as a legal solution to a medical problem.**

Proponents of change also endeavored to widen the discussion and create awareness of the inter-relationship of the abortion issue with other aspects of women's position in French society. Many favoured liberalisation of the 1967 law concerning contraception, pressing for medical visits and medication to be paid for out of social security payments, and for restrictions on supplying contraceptives to minors to be relaxed. Increased family welfare payments and improvements in sex education were also urged as part of a 'package' reform. Many foreigners have the image of free-wheeling Paris as representative of all of France, forgetting that much of the country is still rural and totally uninformed concerning matters of sex education and contraception. One Dutch doctor who runs an abortion clinic in Amsterdam which cares for thousands of French women yearly, reported that one young girl from the French countryside told him that she had conscientiously drunk a glass of red wine after each time she made love with her husband, and simply refused to believe him when the doctor told her that was not a contraceptive method.

To be fair, sex education is about to start in French schools at fifth and sixth year level after much controversy, but is to cover biological information only. Emotional and sexual responsibilities are to be discussed at

a later stage in the secondary school cycle, in meetings held after normal school hours. Most specialists consider this division artificial, but acknowledge that given the current climate of opinion in France, it would be difficult to go further for the time being.

Meanwhile, *Le Monde* reports that a film discussing abortion has been refused screening in several areas in France, demonstrating yet again how difficult it is to openly debate the issue or undertake widespread public sex education in present day France.

As they await a new debate in April, members of *Choisir* charge that from now on deputies responsible for sending the bill back to committee will be made answerable to public opinion for each death that follows a clandestine abortion, and caution that it is all very well for deputies to reflect, but that each day the drama continues of all those women, who for different reasons, refuse a pregnancy at any cost and are plunged into a world of anguish, humiliation and suffering in the world of abortion, of the underground, of exchanged addresses, of bargaining on the price, of understood risks, of needles, perforations, haemorrhaging, urgent admission to hospital, and irremediable mutilation. To leave matters as they are amounts, says *Choisir*, to premeditated murder of the poor.

Tracy Ullveit-Moe

## & in England

Only six abortions were performed in the first three months after an out-patients abortion clinic was opened in September 1973 at the University Hospital of Wales, Cardiff.

A special report has been ordered on the running of the clinic by the Welsh Hospital Board. This clinic could handle an abortion every 15 minutes.

Cardiff Women's Action Group leafleted local family doctors and Family Planning clinics. 'We are publicising this because we are concerned that its existence is not widely known because very few abortions seem to have been carried out.'

Some Cardiff GPs had been in the habit of sending their patients to London or Birmingham for a private abortion costing anything up to £100.

After receiving the leaflets from the Women's Group some doctors tried to use them as a referral agency. 'Obviously we can't cope with this sort of function', said one member of the Group, 'We can only refer women to the non-profit making clinics if they can't get a National Health abortion.'

There was no publicity about

the opening of the clinic but strangely the Welsh Hospital Board, which is responsible for the clinic, received 21 letters of protest from the anti-abortionists: some women desperately needing an abortion did not know of the existence of the clinic.

The Hospital Board call the clinic 'The out-patient abortion unit', but Professor Bryan Hibbard, the consultant gynaecologist at the hospital, said that 'No obstetric unit or clinic has been established here or elsewhere in Cardiff. Last September the day operating unit at the hospital was opened for general and gynaecological minor operations, not specially for the termination of pregnancy'.

A patient has to be both psychologically and physically suitable for an out-patient operation, Professor Hibbard said. He said, for example, that he would not give a young agitated girl an out-patient abortion.

Although the Hospital Board have expressed 'grave concern' that its policy of making day abortions available was not being put into effect, it has also stated that 'The medical profession are free to reject procedures which are contrary to the dictates of personal conscience or clinical judgement'. Vivien Goldsmith



# Shusha

AN ALBUM OF MUSICAL INTRIGUE

*Shusha sings Raleigh, Shakespeare,*

*Blake and her own songs in*

*English with an interpretation that is hers alone*

*Shusha a new album on United Artists UAS 29575*



# SHORTLIST

Use this space as a notice board. Send your notices to Shortlist, Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.

## events

### Women's Liberation and Socialism Conferences.

A Conference on 'The Demands and Campaigns of the Women's Movement' will be held in Oxford on 23/24 March. There will be workshops on specific campaigns, on a socialist evaluation of the 4 campaigns, on the wider theoretical basis for campaigns and future practice, and others. For information write to Women's Conference, 2B Kingston Rd, Oxford, or call Jane Anderson, Gill Hague, Lesley Gilbert - Oxford (0865) 46314.

**Men Against Sexism/Men's Liberation** Conference will be held in Leeds Polytechnic on the weekend April 6th and 7th. Information and details from Men Against Sexism, 84 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

### Structure and Organization of the Women's Movement

Conference, organized by Coventry WL will be held at the University of Warwick on Saturday April 20th. 25p registration fee. Contact Coventry Women's Group, 28 Keswick Walk, Wyken, Coventry. (tel. Walsgrave 7365).

### Sex Discrimination in the E.E.C. Countries

**Where does Britain Stand?** The Status of Women Committee, believing in closer international links between women have planned a One-Day conference at Church House (Hoare Memorial Hall), Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1. on Saturday May 18th. Tickets £1 from Heather McConnell, 18 St George St, London W.1. (tel. 493-6420)

### Reality Studio Arts Workshop

This workshop has a main nucleus of five people and are desperate to expand into a larger collective in order to expand their activities. They have a studio which has been in use since the summer which has a pottery workshop, lino printing equipment (adequate space for further craft developments), a paperback library (free), noticeboard, very cheap wholefood restaurant (3 courses for about 25p). They have just had a successful charity concert and are soon having a music and poetry evening. They are planning regular childrens' workshops starting at Easter and many other activities. They also need help editing their monthly magazine 'Realit'. Anyone interested should contact Sheril Berkovitch: Reality Studio Arts Workshop, 23 Hard Court, High Holborn, London W.C.1.

### Brighton and Hove Women's Liberation.

Now have a new contact list. Contact either Jen de Wynter, 154 Harbour Way, Shoreham Beach, Sussex (Tel. Shoreham 61680) or Gwyn Hughes (Brighton 737180) or Hilary Gordon (Brighton 591967).

### Helping The Aged

The Ealing Institute of Adult Education in co-operation with Task Force are presenting a 12 week course entitled Helping the Aged. The proposed course outlined is as follows, but may be subject to alteration according to the availability of speakers. March 4th. Education. Turning leisure into pleasure.

11th Diet. Keeping Fit

18th Community Work, The role of Tenants associations, how to stimulate Self Help.

25th The Arts, What have they to offer?

April 1st Pensioner Action. How effective can the retired be as a pressure group?

29th Living Problems. Housing - Health.

May 6th Welfare Rights.

13th Ageism. Self Help

20th Money Matters.

June 3rd Old People and Volunteers

10th Immigrant Aged

17th Any Questions

The course will take place at St Ann's School, Springfield Rd, Hanwell. For information concerning enrollment contact Mr. R. Holt, Area Head, Adult Education, Dormer's Wells Secondary School, Dormer's Wells Lane, Southall, Middlesex.

### Iranian Invasion of Oman

The Sultanate of Oman, though technically a sovereign state, is little more than a British colony, the Sultan's government being largely run by British "advisers" and its existence being dependent on British military power. Unable to defeat the revolutionaries, who have now been struggling for 9 years to liberate the country, Sultan Qabus has now called in other assistance, in particular some 3,000 Iranian troops who are currently heavily attacking the liberated areas, in which the democratically-elected People's Front for the Liberation of Oman and the Arabian Gulf is carrying out an extensive social programme of land redistribution, integration of women into all aspects of community life (women had for centuries been regarded as chattels of their husbands), education etc.

The Gulf committee has been working to support the revolutionaries for 3 years, and recently set up a Medical Aid

programme to help alleviate the many endemic diseases which afflict the majority of the population. Help is urgently needed. Further information from the Gulf Committee. Contributions to Dhofar Medical Aid; both c/o I.C.D.P. 6, Endsleigh Street, London W.C.1.

## performances

### Women Creating

A wet, windy Sunday evening in Woolwich, with no trains running - yet over eighty people turned up for a programme entitled 'Women Creating', an anthology of poetry, music, theatre and songs chosen and performed by Barbara Hickmott, Maggie Nicholls and Michelene Wandor. It emerged from a series of poetry readings that I was planning as part of the Greenwich Entertainments Department's winter programme of events. It became apparent that women as creators in their own right were scarcely represented in the usual run of poetry readings. So I contacted Michelene and suggested the idea of an evening of women's poetry, and she expanded the idea to include music and theatre, working with Maggie and Barbara.

The result of this collaboration was presented on 10th February, at the Tramshed, Woolwich, and included songs by Maggie, a free-form jazz singer, a playlet entitled 'Tomb of the Unknown Actress' by Barbara, and Michelene's poetry, linked together with sketches, songs and jokes, plus contributions, feminist and anti-feminist, by courtesy of Tennyson, Dylan Thomas and Virginia Woolf. The presentation, though deliberately informal, would have been improved by further rehearsal, and the exclusion of one or two items that didn't work, especially the attempted improved response to sounds and to each other's moods that began the second half of the programme. However, the audience largely enjoyed themselves, and appreciated the underlying point that women are artistic creators and initiators, and not merely interpreters.

Further developments from 'Women Creating' are likely, in the form of a children's show commissioned by Greenwich's Children's Entertainment Assistant, and a possible lecture/demonstration-type show, using material from the programme. Finally, an interesting sideline as far as I was concerned was the reaction of the men in the Entertainments Department to the whole thing. Without being at all hostile, their reactions ranged from being slightly patronising to making a joke of the idea, as if, by continual teasing, they could trivialise it. One wonders if they felt threatened.

Sandie Browne

### Wine, Women and Song

The Women's Theatre Group are holding a benefit with an evening of skits, songs, sketches, music and

more at The Howf, 109a Regents Park Road, London NW1.

Information from Women's Liberation Workshop, 38 Earlam Street, London W.1. or phone Julia Meadows (790-7649) March 25

### Gentlemen Prefer Anything

This play by Ken Hill although obviously not meant to be serious in the slightest possible way, is I am afraid not funny either. Although I can presume that it was supposed to be about feminism I could only see it as being totally sexist. It is about a group of women (who parody men anyway) with a secret leader who are intent on destroying the male species adopting pseudo Dr. Who techniques. The secret leader turns out to be a man and the women return to being the fools that they were made out to be in the first place. I only mention it because I find it sad that such a play should be put on at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, a theatre with a real community atmosphere (it is almost entirely run by the local kids) especially at a time when it is threatened with closure.

### Mind Your Head

In marked contrast to the above was Mind Your Head by Adrian Mitchell at the Shaw Theatre. It centres on a No 24 bus ride from Hampstead to Pimlico using the Hamlet story set in the modern political situation, socialism versus capitalism. It is very much a family affair with mother as conductress, son as driver, uncle (Hitler in disguise) and second husband as the ticket inspector, plus ghost. It is rollicky and fun one moment switching to the bitterly serious the next, but most of all the characters are totally human rather than stereotype images. The play is mad by the catchy lyrics with music by Andy Roberts and a brilliant performance of the bus conductress by Celia Hewett. I can only hope that it will be put on again.

## exhibitions

### Women's Workshop of The Artists Union

The Workshop is exhibiting at Essex University from March 8.

## publications

### Comments on the Government's Green Paper; Equal Opportunities for Men and Women.

Manchester Women's Liberation Groups have produced a paper which states in very clear and concise terms why the Green Paper is totally inadequate. It shows that the document assumes that the women's place is in the home and goes no way towards resolving the basic conflict of the dual role that working women have to play. Thus it leaves out discrimination in the



# Detective Work

ways of detecting a defective foetus

important areas such as pensions, tax, national insurance, hire purchase agreements etc. and where priority is placed on opportunities for women at work it is only really for women in professions, management and university thus offering a distinct class bias. The paper then goes on to criticise details of the proposals showing that women will continue to be concentrated in low paid, less skilled jobs, and also most important that women will still receive no paid maternity leave as in other common market countries. Basically the paper shows that the Government's document will achieve very little until the entire structure of the family and education is altered so that both the male and female start out with an equal opportunity. This is a paper well worth reading.

## Red Rag

The new Red Rag contains an assessment of the Night Cleaners campaign, gayness and liberalism, women and the unions, women's conferences, ideology etc. price 10p, from 9 Stratford Villas, London NW1.

## Ginger

Gingerbread, the Association For One Parent Families are now bringing out a monthly magazine. The main objectives of the organization itself is to give help, advice and information to one parent families whether divorced, separated, widowed, single or where a partner is in prison or hospital. It is also forming groups throughout the country so that one parent families can help each other and form joint activities for parents and children, and also to press for changes in legislation and administrative practices. Ginger serves to tell people what is actually happening but also most specifically to give readers a chance to express their own views and tell their experiences. It is very friendly and informal with poems, stories, letters and a page for kids to add their bit, jokes, pictures or whatever. It costs 13p and can be obtained from Gingerbread, 9 Poland Street, London W1V3DG (tel: 01-734 9014). Their policy statement 'One Parent Families - A Finer Future' can also be obtained for 75p.

People sometimes say about children with gross physical and mental handicaps that it would have been better for them if they had never been born. Spina bifida and related disabilities fall into this class. In the most severe form of spina bifida, which is called anencephaly, there is virtually no head or brain and the baby dies almost immediately after birth. Spina bifida itself refers to a range of conditions where the spinal cord and nerves are exposed at some point in the spine. This occurs because of a discontinuity in the spinal processes which normally unite round and protect the spinal canal or neural tube. All parts of the body below the fault are paralysed.

## vast problem

One of the terrible things about these defects is that they can appear in a family which has no apparent previous history of these disabilities. The figures, 2000 children a year are born with spina bifida in England, Wales and Northern Ireland of whom 500 perish at birth, show how vast the problem is.

The causes of spina bifida and anencephaly are now being studied by various groups of scientists, mainly in Britain and America. A hypothesis which was put forward in 1972 and which received some publicity at the time was that neural tube defects are caused by eating blight-affected potatoes during a critical time in early pregnancy. Although this has not been disproved, workers both in Sheffield and at Harvard have failed to confirm this and it now seems to be contradicted by tests made in Northern Ireland. (Northern Ireland has an incidence of spina bifida ten

times above the average for Britain.)

## entirely painless

In the meantime another line of attack has been developed this is dependent on the diagnosis of these defects in a foetus, so that it can be aborted early in the pregnancy. A method of diagnosis which has been developed recently by Stuart Campbell and his co-workers at Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital is accurate, quick, safe and entirely painless; it may be a breakthrough in the control of neural tube defects, including anencephaly and spina bifida. The method is based on the use of ultrasonic waves. Ultrasonic waves are of a slightly higher frequency than audible sound waves, they travel exceptionally well through liquids and solids and are reflected when they encounter a region of different density. Ultrasonic beams have been used for decades to locate wrecked ships, shoals of fish deep in the sea and for measuring the depth of the ocean by echo sounding. In studying the foetus the same principles are applied.

## foetus visualised in detail

Ultrasonic waves (through an ultrasonic transducer) are sent through the pregnant woman's abdomen and echoes reflected from different planes or interfaces of body tissue are detected, amplified and displayed on a screen. Strong echoes are only obtained when the beam of waves is at right angles to the interface being examined. The echoes are analysed in two ways: A-scan where each echo is shown as a vertical peak on a horizontal time scale. By knowing the velocity of ultrasound in human tissues the actual distance between points in the body which gave rise to the peaks can be calculated accurately. The second way in which the echoes can be analysed, the B-scan involves sending ultrasound waves into the body at various angles to skin surface so that they cross all possible interfaces in the abdomen at right angles. The resulting echoes provide a two dimensional outline of abdominal structure. The foetus can be visualised in detail from the A- and B-scans together. The whole examination takes

about ten minutes. It is safe for the foetus and is far more acceptable to the patient than many routine hospital procedures; in one arrangement for example the patient has to press her abdomen gently against the polythene window of a water tank which houses the scanner.

## abnormalities detected

Defects like anencephaly and spina bifida, skeletal and soft tissue abnormalities, multiple births and abdominal tumours can all be detected from ultrasound pictures. An anencephalic foetus appears in longitudinal section as an ovoid, the strong smooth outline of the foetal head is entirely absent. According to Dr Campbell, diagnosis of anencephaly should be possible if the foetal head cannot be seen at 14 weeks gestation, another two weekly scans are sufficient to confirm this. The most early diagnosis of anencephaly at Queen Charlotte's Hospital was at 17 weeks gestation in a patient with no previous history of neural tube abnormality. An abortion was successfully performed and the foetus was found to be anencephalic as diagnosed. The spine and spinal canal of the foetus can also be clearly observed in an ultrasonic scan from 14 weeks onwards. The spinal canal is seen in longitudinal section as two parallel lines and in transverse section as a circle in front of the spine. Abnormalities can be detected with certainty and in some cases diagnoses have led to abortion before 20 weeks gestation. Serious kidney defects in the foetus can also be detected because although the kidneys themselves are not always clearly visualised in detail, the fetal bladder is and can be observed emptying and filling at regular intervals and the time taken is an indication of whether the kidneys are healthy.

Ultrasonic examination has been introduced as a part of the routine screening programme for pregnant women at Queen Charlotte's and just one or two other hospitals in Britain. Wider use of the method together with improved abortion techniques may really make grossly deformed births a thing of the past.

Amrit Wilson

At Cushy we have really nice clothes made out of old fabrics but in beautiful new designs. Kate is in the shop all day and Annie is lurking about most of the time. Feel free to bring a man, as we feel accessories are very important (and he may well fit into one of our bomber jackets). Give us a whirl if you're down our way. We're 'CUSHY' 44 Parkway, London NW1 Tel: 485-6846. Open 10.30 - 6.00



# SPARE

'the way to be liberated from the constraining effects of any medium is to develop a perspective on it-how it works and what it does. Being illiterate in the processes of any medium leaves one at the mercy of those who control it.'

The potency of the mass media in controlling our lives - the way we think and act - is a matter for increasing alarm. Over the last two decades the situation has become more acute. It is increasingly important to have some control over the media and the selection of news we are permitted to hear about. It is also important that people can see the news as their news, and in some way have an outlet for producing their version of an event, selecting what they wish to hear about, or circulating their own information. Print costs, as all others, are rising fast and are a serious threat to anyone wanting to print their own. However, the production of small off-set litho machines for use in offices, or businesses has meant that good quality printing without great technical knowledge can be achieved. On the opposite page I describe various printing processes and next month I shall be going into greater detail about the machines (prices, sizes, introduction courses of the various machines and other equipment that you will need the use of.)

## People who print their own

Of all the community or privately run presses that I visited only one was actually bought by a number of local groups and organizations clubbing together and sharing the costs and facilities. This seems the most sensible and co-operative solution to the problem of cost. In all other cases it was a situation of "...someone had some money." or was able to borrow it.



berri's peoples press . 1876

## crest press 154 Ladbroke Grove. London. W.10.

The machinery in use here was bought cooperatively about 4 years ago by a number of local groups. It was originally called the NOTTING HILL PRESS and was run by two women who did have some prior knowledge of printing. Over the years the situation changed, different people came and went, and the groups that paid for the machines no longer exist although they still own the equipment. It is leased to the two women who now run it as CREST PRESS. When they took over, both admitted to not even knowing what an off-set litho machine looked like - let alone how it worked. Various people showed them enough for them to be able to work out the rest on their own. The press was intended to be used by local groups, and to teach people how to do it themselves. However this is an endless task and the wear and tear on the machines through constant untrained use would have finally led to no press. It is only occasionally now that regular users of

the press actually do the work themselves. Mainly the two women do all the printing and are themselves involved in the production of a local newspaper NELL GATE. Although the Rotaprint off-set litho machine is old, the quality of the printing is surprisingly good, if they start with good clean artwork. Largest size they can do is 17" x 13" which allows for producing posters as well as newspapers, leaflets..etc. (They have a ROTAPRINT 3090, a GESTETNER 200 and 320. Facilities for platemaking, but no process camera.)

## suburban press

433 LONDON ROAD, CROYDON, SURREY

This started up about two years ago, when one person borrowed some money to form a finance Co to set it up. They bought their MULTILITH 1250 off-set litho, a process camera, guillotine, and plate making facilities, and rented a basement to put it in. It is run by two people who again knew nothing about printing when they started, but learnt slowly. They print a certain amount for their own use, and also produce a number of local newspapers, magazines and leaflets. They can also do stickers but is expensive and difficult to do. As they try to keep their costs low, they do not make sufficient money to live off without having to go out to work sporadically, but it adequately covers the rent and running costs of the press. Most of the work they get to do is through word of mouth. The need to advertise is minimal as there are so many more people now needing the facility to print their own material quickly, cheaply and in their own area.

## islington press

Based in North London, this is one place where local groups or associations are encouraged to print their own material and are shown how to do it. All their equipment was bought second hand except their process camera (Copylyn £316.) that a number of other community presses use for plate making. They have a small A.B.DICK 330 table top off-set duplicator (only suitable for line work not for good quality photos £200 s/h) A Webb Printing Down Frame for plates (£25 s/h) A duplicator and an electronic scanner for cutting duplicating stencils (£125 s/h) and an IBM Executive electric typewriter (£50 s/h) It was bought by someone in the group who 'had some money' and is set up in the basement of a house with a shop front. The people involved and living in the house intended the shop and press to be used by the local community. They held jumble sales and showed films hoping to inspire local political activity. The local Claimants Union is also based at the shop. With the use of the press they hoped to stimulate local groups into producing their own news sheets. There are about 10 groups now doing this regular ly.

AN IBM SELECTRIC COMPOSER, showing the different 'golf' balls of type faces.



They do the layout and printing themselves and only pay for the use of materials (plates, inks, developer, paper etc..) and 15% for maintenance. The aim all along was not to run a commercial print shop but to make the

facilities available to others in the community to use for themselves. Through the press they have made contact and developed strong relationships with groups in the area. As far as possible they try to discuss with the groups the politics of what they are printing, and try to involve them in their own politics, but they have found it hard with some groups to be seen outside the role of printers. The press is largely used by left groups of similar political views.

## anne ward 204 PECKHAM RYE. LONDON S.E.15.

Anne was a Fleet Street news photographer for ten years and was becoming a little bit frustrated at being stuck behind the camera photographing the news, rather than being out there in some way playing a part in that news making. She has been a strong labour party campaigner for many years and strongly believes



"..if you don't take the business of propaganda seriously, then what are you doing in politics.."

When she was left some money, she also left Fleet St, and bought her MULTILITH 1850 off-set litho machine. She has since built up a very enviable amount of equipment. She is fortunate to have a detached house with a large basement in which to operate, although the whole house seemed to have been taken over by the printing -paper, glue- ink, 'scissors everywhere- but maybe that was due to my visit falling during the pre-election panic. The material produced by her is very high quality, despite the fact that when she started three years ago she didn't know one end of the machine from the other. She went on a two week course run by the manufacturers of the machine and carried on from there.. The vast proportion of the material produced is for the labour party, but she also prints other left papers, leaflets, student publications, local organizations news sheets and Womens' Report. Owing to arthritis some of the heavy printing is now done by two people who work there part-time on a voluntary or commission basis. The total cost of all her equipment is beyond the reach of most individuals or small organizations; but she believes strongly that this sort of printing set up is easily possible for a group of organizations, branches of political parties or within a community, if run



# PARTS

stephanie  
gilbert

cooperatively - the costs and facilities shared. With the drastic increases in professional printing costs this is in fact going to become a necessity if people wish to continue and expand their own printing.

Apart from her MULTILITH 1850 off-set Litho machine (approx £2000) her equipment includes : Meteorite Eurograph for plates, IBM Selectric composer with variable heads (£200 to £300). A large guillotine, and a CASLON Headliner (approx £200) and assorted fonts of letter strips for the head-line (from £3 to £5 each)

There are many factors common to all the 'alternative' presses I visited; perhaps the most important being that you really don't need to know anything about printing before you start, other than gleaning information about on the best machines and follow-up services ( See Spare Rib No 21 ) Most machines are fairly simple to use and with practice you learn the intricacies and foibles of your machine to ensure a good print. Owing to the weight of these machines, you need a very solid floor, preferably a basement and a fair amount of surrounding space for added equipment, storage and mess.. All of the people who had set up these presses had done so as a result of their own political involvement and frustrations with the mass media. It became necessary to not only be able to write and circulate ones own, but also to have control over the machinery for doing so.

## Printing processes letterpress or relief printing

washington relief  
printing press  
1821

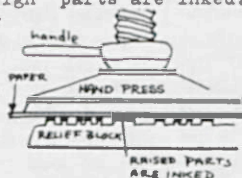


This is the oldest known form of printing, dating back to around AD 175 when the Chinese invented paper. Your design or image to be printed is raised up from the surface of the block so that only the high parts are inked. Paper is laid over

the block and pressed down by means of a roller, a pad or a press. Letterpress printing was invented almost as soon as the alphabet, but only really developed when the method of casting type was perfected. Early printing was done with a hand operated press.

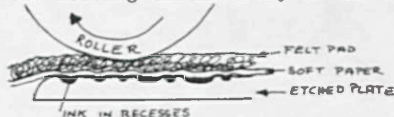
In the modern automatic machines the printing plate is no longer static, but shoots back and forth between a complex system of inking rollers and the impression cylinder (a glorified roller) that carries and presses the paper onto the plate.

For higher speeds (newspaper production) rotary presses are used. The printing plate is no longer flat but is cast in soft metal and wrapped round a cylinder. A continuous roll of paper (a web) passes between the rotating impression and plate cylinders.



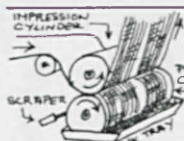
## intaglio printing

There are various types of intaglio printing, but in all of them the image lies BELOW the surface of the plate, cut into it by engraving or etching. The ink is applied to the whole plate then the surplus is wiped or scraped off leaving the ink only in the recesses



A thick, absorbent paper is used for printing. A felt pad is often placed between paper and roller to help squash the paper into the inked lines.

In commercial printing, the plates are not hand engraved but are produced by a photographic process. The plate is covered in a photo-sensitive solution and is printed from a negative of the image. The plate is then etched, the image being reproduced in RECESS on the plate. (This process is known as photo-gravure or gravure printing) The depth of the recesses holding the ink varies according to the tonal value of the original image. In commercial



DETAIL OF WEB FED PRESS  
WITH INTAGLIO PLATE

relief printing the plate sometimes remains on a flat bed, but intaglio plates are always wrapped round a cylinder. They are inked with a soft thick ink which fills the intaglio depressions; the excess ink is scraped off with a blade.

## stencils and screens

The stencil method is where the image is cut out of metal or special paper plates, and the ink is printed through the holes. For duplicating, a stencil is 'cut' on a typewriter or by applying pressure with a pen. For clear line drawings or other images, you first prepare your art work, then cut it photographically on a stencil cutting machine (electronic scanner)

Silk screen printing is a development of this process, only the image is imposed onto a fine mesh or screen and the area not to be printed is blocked out. Most screens for commercial and fine detailed printing are made photographically. (See last issue of Spare Rib for hand methods) There are many different ways and products available to make these screens.

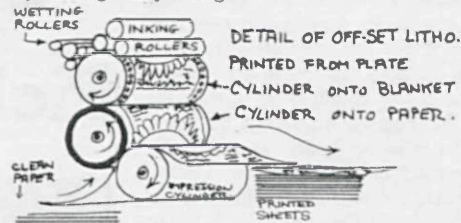
In principle you coat your screen with a photo-sensitive film (or use a film on a backing sheet that is later transferred to your screen) Your image, drawn with opaque ink on a transparent acetate is placed over the film and is exposed to light. The light hardens the film where it passes through the acetate. The film is then 'developed' by washing in hot water. The unhardened parts wash out leaving the exact image. The film is transferred to the screen, and the image is printed through the unblocked 'pores'

## lithography and off-set printing

Off-set Litho printing is really what concerns us if considering printing ones own material. There are now innumerable small machines on the market that can produce very good quality prints - type, photos, and colour. Lithography works on the principle that grease and water don't mix.

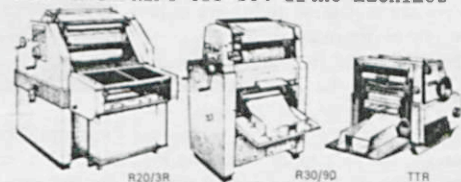
Originally the image was drawn onto a special stone with a greasy medium. After special treatment the stone was coated with water and ink. Only the greasy parts would pick up the ink. Printing was done with dampened paper. However, for machine printing, photo-graphically made plates are used (paper or aluminium coated with a photosensitive film) The paper ones are mainly used only for types and for short runs,, whereas the metal ones can reproduce good quality drawings or photos, and print up to 10.000.. The plates are wrapped round a cylinder.

Moistening rollers apply a film of water to the plate, which is then inked with the inking rollers. The water holding areas reject the ink, but it is absorbed by the greasy image.



Off-set printing means that the image is not printed direct from plate to paper, but is transferred onto an intermediate 'blanket' cylinder. This gives a better print and avoids soggy paper.

This process therefore comprises a plate cylinder, carrying the printing plate; the blanket cylinder, covered in a sheet of rubber; the impression cylinder which presses the paper against the blanket cylinder; and the inking and moistening rollers. The small machines are mainly used in offices, Some ROTAPRINT off-set litho machines



schools and small presses, whereas the large multi-colour ones are widely used for printing books, magazines and packaging materials. The GESTETNER, A.B.DICK, ROTAPRINT, AND MULTILITH machines are the most common, and next month I shall be compiling details about the different qualities of the machines, the types of plate and their uses, second-hand or reconditioned machines and prices.

In the course of my wanderings for this article, I met a lot of people who are producing local newspapers which run the whole gamut of political attitudes. In some, the attention to lay-out or readability was pityfully forgotten to the detriment of the 'message'. In others superb printing did not make up for dry dogmatic propaganda. Personally I found the most appealing ones were those produced by people who were honest enough to admit that they were enjoying themselves. Although their 1st issue is only out this month, the group producing LOWER DOWN in Sth London are already finding that the paper has become a catalyst for tremendous activity, stimulus & excitement both to themselves and to all the people they have met as a result. In this way, a paper can become, not only a means of circulating local news and views, but a strong and identifiable focus point in the community.

COVER PHOTO TAKEN AT F.W.WOODROFF & Co Suppliers of new and reconditioned printing machines. 137/139 Mile End Rd London, E.1. 4AQ.



Striking is the only means that working people have to maintain or improve their living standards. The right to strike is not, as yet, in dispute but that right is meaningless unless combined with the right to inform others of your actions, persuade them to join you and to prevent people from nullifying your actions by 'scabbing'. Striking as the major weapon of the working class has never been popular with the judiciary and attitudes have changed little over 140 years.

In 1833 a judge sentenced six labourers to seven years transportation for the 'crime' of administering a secret oath before negotiating a wage claim. The judge said, 'I am not sentencing you for any crime you have committed or that it could be proved that you were about to commit, but as an example to the working class of this country.' This, the case of the Tolpuddle martyrs, has gone down in labour history as one of the worst atrocities carried out against working people. It is certainly not the only one. In December 1973 Judge Mais handed out heavy sentences to three building workers for their actions during strikes in 1972. He summed up with these words, 'These are deterrent sentences . . . Violence is far too prevalent in this country today. There are far too many people who feel that if they are thwarted, they can impose their will on others.' The years between these trials have seen the passage of several acts relating to the right to strike and to picket peacefully but the Shrewsbury building workers have shown us only too plainly that these rights are only as strong as we make them.

The vital issue is picketing. Since the passing of the 1875 *Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act* we have the right to attend at or near a place for the purpose of attaining or communicating information. Rather than conferring a right to picket, this law gives immunity from prosecution to people who, while engaged in a trade dispute, band together and perform actions which would not themselves be illegal when performed by one person. This may sound tortuous but until then it was quite possible to be convicted of conspiracy if three or more people banded together to 'restrain trade'. The 1875 Act explicitly excludes certain criminal activities from immunity, as follows:

- 1) Using violence or intimidating another person or injuring his property.
- 2) Persistently following another person around from place to place.
- 3) Hiding tools, clothes, or any other property of his.
- 4) Watching or besetting his house, or any other place where he lives, works, carries on business or happens to be.
- 5) Following him with two or more persons in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road.

This law should have given trade unions a small area in which they could operate without fear of arrest but hopes on that score were short lived. In 1896 a ruling by Justice Lindley stated that 'peaceful picketing' was itself unlawful under the common law definition of a 'nuisance' and illegal under the act as



## Picketing and the law



'watching' or 'besetting'. He added that 'You cannot make a strike effective without doing more than is lawful.'

Judge Lindley was a well-known union basher of his time and not all judges were as harsh in their judgements, but the case set a precedent which blew a hole through the hard-won rights of 1875. The Trades Disputes Act did something to counteract it. The act came in 1906 to counteract yet another judgement in the Taff Vale case where a union had been successfully sued for damages. The 1906 Act stated that unions could not be sued and added a new clause about picketing;

'It shall be lawful in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute to attend at or near a house or place . . . (and) peacefully persuading any person to work or abstain from working.'

This was how the law stood until the passing of the Industrial Relations Act in 1971 which supercedes the 1906 act without changing it much. It merely says that pickets may go to a place other than a person's home in order to obtain or communicate information and persuade him to work or not to work and the action itself is not a crime (thanks!). However the act says a great deal about 'unfair strikes' so picketing in connection with unfair strikes is illegal, and if they can't get you with that there is still the 1875 act to use.

The law on picketing is deliberately

vague so that it can be used according to the needs of the day. In times of high employment and reasonable affluence the law is interpreted fairly liberally, but as money gets tighter and the class struggle intensifies the police and judges clamp down on picketing. One way of doing this is through intimidation by the use of criminal law and long prison sentences as in the case of the Shrewsbury building workers. During 1972 there was a nation-wide strike of building workers in support of a minimum wage claim of £30 a week. A secondary aim of the strike was to bring more people into the union. By the very nature of their trade building workers are isolated and difficult to organise so union officials used 'flying pickets' which had been successfully employed during the last miners' strike. The picket would arrive at one site, persuade the men to come out and then move on to another site. In North Wales there was a high level of activity in a previously unorganised area. Police watched but did not intervene until five months later when 24 men were arrested on a number of charges including conspiracy to intimidate and unlawful assembly, both of which are criminal charges carrying unlimited sentences. The trials dragged on at great expense for many months and the verdicts on the most serious cases came out just before Christmas, thereby effectively ruling out organised protest. Three men

were sentenced to 3 years, 2 years, and 18 months. The importance of using criminal law cannot be ignored. Firstly, had they been tried under the 1875 Act they would have received a maximum of three months imprisonment. Secondly, conviction on a criminal charge seems to carry more weight than conviction on a 'political' charge, such as under the current Industrial Relations Act (though the law views both categories as equally criminal). So it proved impossible to mobilise the kind of support that had ensured the release of the five dockers imprisoned in August 1972 by an industrial relations court. One of the convicted men was told by a UCATT official, 'UCATT won't defend you on the criminal charges but one man who stole some sticks on this site five years ago got his brothers to collect for him and hired a solicitor. I'd advise you to do that.' Cold comfort indeed.

This kind of intimidation is only one of the weapons in the state armoury. Robert Carr recently reassured his supporters that there was no need to change the picketing laws, they had merely to be enforced. As case law builds up it is quite clear what he meant. In two recent cases it was decided that it is illegal to stop a lorry in order to peacefully persuade the driver. This means that strike breakers can drive straight through picket lines and pickets will be powerless to carry out their statutory right of 'peaceful persuasion'. The strike breaker on the other hand appears to be invulnerable. In the last miners' strike (early 1972) a picket was killed by a lorry driving through the line at 50 mph, and when a complaint was made to the Director of Public Prosecutions about another case when a lorry driver was seen (in a picture in the Daily Mirror) to be welding an iron bar, the answer was this:

'It would be necessary to prove that the truck driver carried the iron bar with the intention of using it to injure, . . . I do not therefore propose to take any action in the matter.' It is quite clear that the only way to keep out scabs is the method of mass picketing as at Saltley where 10,000 miners and supporters outnumbered the police. However, the authorities are not slow to learn lessons, and this time the police are prepared, with special patrol groups.

Special Patrol Groups are small, highly mobile units trained in military techniques. They wear police uniforms (less upsetting to the general public), and are expected to be shipped in at short notice to bolster up local police forces in controlling strikes. Assistant Commissioner Gerrard, organiser of the recent Heathrow manoeuvres, is in charge of them. They have already been used against picket lines in Hull and London.

As I write this the miners' strike is one week old. So far they have kept picketing to a minimum. With luck the support of other unions will render picketing unnecessary but although it may not be needed in this struggle it will certainly be needed in the future and we may all be called upon at some time to defend our right to picket. *Angela Phillips*



# Info...Odds & Sods...A

## the Movement

Dear Spare Rib,  
I am 15 years old and I'm in the 4th year of Stanley Secondary School, taking CSE level History. For this I have to do a topic on something that has or is affecting our day to day lives. Most of the girls are doing the different things that affect their mother's lives, for instance, the History of the Washing-Machine, and all different so-called household things, while the lads do all the interesting things like the history of the Atom Bomb. (That was what I wanted to do but the teacher said it more of a boy's topic and to choose something else.) That really got me going and, looking down the list of topics, came to Emily Pankhurst and the Suffragettes. I changed that to the history of the Women's Liberation Movement. I found your address from one of the BBC programmes (radio). They said if I wrote to you, you would probably send me some of your magazines and other information about the Movement and what it believes in, and other addresses if you had some. I would be most grateful if you could send me as much info as you could as I really think that women today are being put down by men and any woman can do as good a job as a man if she put her mind to it. I hope you will be able to help. I remain yours hopefully,  
Sandra Roberts, Lincs.

★We have sent some back issues of Spare Rib we hope will be useful, plus the pamphlet 'An Introduction to Women's Liberation Workshop'. This gives the manifesto, some discussion on why women meet together in small groups, the four demands of the Women's Liberation Movement with short explanations, some useful information in discrimination and a book list, plus a history of the Workshop and how it began in early 1969. Why don't you contact the Merseyside Women's Liberation Group, 2 Rutland Avenue, Liverpool 17 to see if you could arrange to talk to someone there. To women whose history has been ignored, the idea of the history of household things sounds quite interesting, especially since sharing such tasks and getting men involved in them too is vital for our liberation.

## work

Dear Spare Rib,  
I'm an artist's model and I have been in this job for over a year, but I feel it's underpaid. I would like to do something about it, to stop the financial exploitation that models are subjected to.  
For life modelling the pay is 61p

per hour, for costume modelling 54p per hour, and it's just not enough for such a strenuous and unreliable job. Adding to all this, we have the long hours of boredom.

In the summer, when the colleges are closed for the holiday time, most models are out of work and needless to say we don't get any compensation for this.

We must not forget that good models are important to the life of art schools. I hope somebody will be able to advise me in how to tackle the problem, or maybe there are other models who feel the same way I do.

Thank you,  
Rose Marie Trazzi.

★Apart from contacting other models at the art school, having a meeting to discuss it, perhaps getting the students to support the models' claims for more money, can any readers help? Letters received with suggestions, or from people in the same position, will be forwarded onto Rose Marie.

Dear Bit,

I am having great difficulty finding out about female employment on ships.

My research so far has uncovered that no British cargo ships employ women, and that passenger ships only take on highly qualified female personnel, usually over 25 (I am 20). BP take on a token few to train for 'marine cadetships', in which I am not that interested.

It seems then that I will either have to find some loophole to get work on a British ship or join the merchant navy of another country. The only useful address I have on this score is that of the Norwegian sailors home in London. I don't know which countries besides Norway employ women on their cargo ships, and if I did I wouldn't know where or how to apply for a job.

Please can you tell me anything, like addresses or people who've been in my position, tips on how to apply, addresses of possibly sympathetic shipping companies, etc.

I hope you can help me.

Thank you very much,  
Kathy Freeman, Liverpool.

★Bit passed your letter onto us and we hope any reader will send in suggestions which we can forward to you. In the government proposals, 'Equal Opportunities for Men and Women', it is listed under Exceptions: 'Where the nature of the employment makes it necessary to provide communal living accommodation (eg ships).'

PS: I worked as a cashier behind the bar in a Chandris passenger ship on its return voyage from Australia to England (no training involved). It was a 14 hour day 7 days a week, and they managed to get out of paying me the overtime. I also had to provide my own uniforms. Our

crew quarters were so hot (100°F) that we threatened to go on strike if the Purser didn't allow us to sleep in vacant passenger cabins. You could write to any foreign shipping company and be put on the waiting list for this sort of job, though it doesn't sound like the one you want. Are any readers interested in helping Kathy organise to fight such discrimination? *Marsha*

## education

Dear Jean Spence,

I am currently working in the Department of Adult Education at Manchester University, and also considering carrying out research on women in adult education. I saw your letter in Spare Rib No. 19, and wonder whether we might be able to exchange information. *Judith*

*Jean, we apologise. We've lost your address and can't forward Judith's letter on to you. so could you write to us again?*

## childbirth

Dear Spare Rib,

I wanted a home confinement and a natural birth. I fought and lost. Only in primitive northern areas (like Nottingham) are women forced to have their first babies at home. In the civilised south, they are forced to go into hospital. But I refused to have an epidural, and I was the only one in my ward not to have stitches, or a hangover for the next couple of days. Like most medical marvels, the side effects are not stressed. At this hospital, a London teaching hospital, you also had an episiotomy if you accepted an epidural as a matter of course, whether you were likely to tear or not. I'm not anti-epidurals, I'm just anti-epidurals for all. We are not cattle, to be diagnosed en masse.

I've recently moved and there's no W.L. group for 60 miles or so, although I've noticed W.H. Smiths in Grimsby sells a dozen or so Spare Rib. If anyone locally is interested in forming a W.L. group, or just making friends, please write. Cheers,

Janice Whyld,  
Moorland House, Kelsey Road,  
Carstor, Lincs.LN76SF  
(Sorry we had to cut your letter Janice)

Dear Spare Rib,

Yes, I do agree that it's time there was more discussion on modern childbirth and male medics attitudes to labouring women in the Movement. There is going to be a National Conference on Sexual Politics in Leeds at the beginning of March, which hopefully will include a paper entitled something like "The Cultural Warping of Childbirth". 'Painless' childbirth does not have to be achieved through a heavily drugged labour, and that an epidural

is not as straightforward as 'they' would have us believe. It involves, almost invariably, a forceps delivery for the baby because the mother's pushing urge is not properly gratified. This results in a certain episiotomy for the mother, and also in cot nursing for the shocked baby for up to 48 hours, and also in hospital confinement rather than a choice of domiciliary for a subsequent pregnancy. This surely isn't what we want? We want knowledge about drugs, and the option of having or not having them, but we want a choice and ultimate control over our bodies and our babies.

I teach for the National Childbirth Trust and hope that classes like mine help women to an awareness of their pregnant and non-pregnant bodies and also provide them (Or arm them!) with a sound knowledge of the processes of labour, of likely medical intervention etc. etc. The knowledge gained seems to dispel a lot of the fear which in its turn dispels pain. Psychoprophylaxis, a technique of breathing and exercises also taught at classes is more complicated and most people feel it is far more satisfactory than straight relaxation as taught at most ante-natal clinics. 'Relaxation' is usually only adequate for the first few hours, possibly because hospitals have an expectation of backing it up with heavy doses of drugs such as pethidine; the effects of this on the new-born infant are not all good, though there's little information publicly available.

Could anyone then, thinking about a 'painless' delivery please think first about a conscious undoped peaceful controlled one, rather than a clinical operation type delivery and try psychoprophylaxis techniques? I have literature on the National Childbirth Trust and would willingly write to anyone interested or the Trust's Head Office is at 9 Queensborough Terrace, London W.2.

Love,  
Christine Beels,  
19 Broomfield Crescent,  
Leeds 6.

## groups

Dear Spare Rib,

I am living in Manchester and would like to know if there are any clubs, organisations, for Women's Liberation in my area. I am particularly interested in equality with regard to work, as I am divorced and have a son of 7 to bring up on my own.  
Yours faithfully,  
K. Matthews.

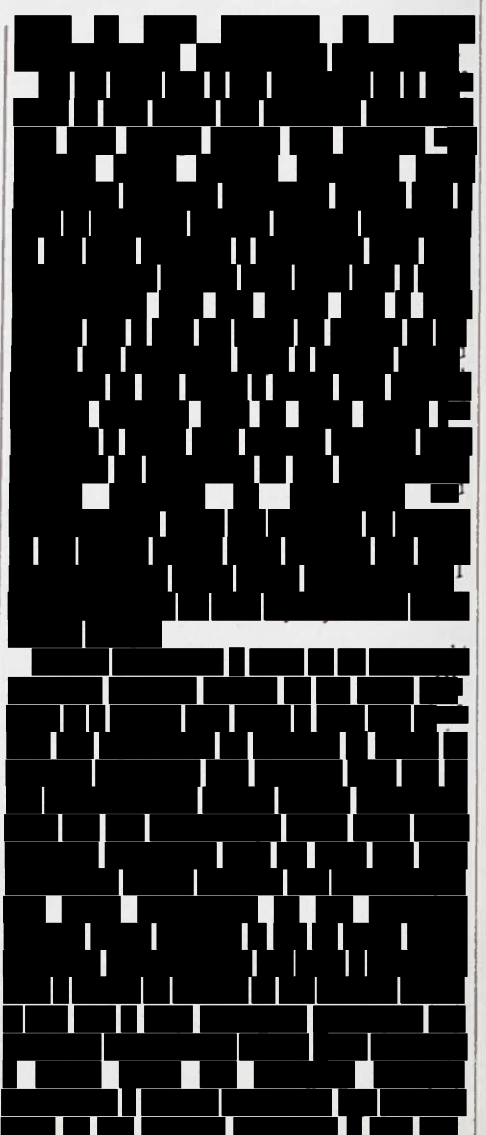
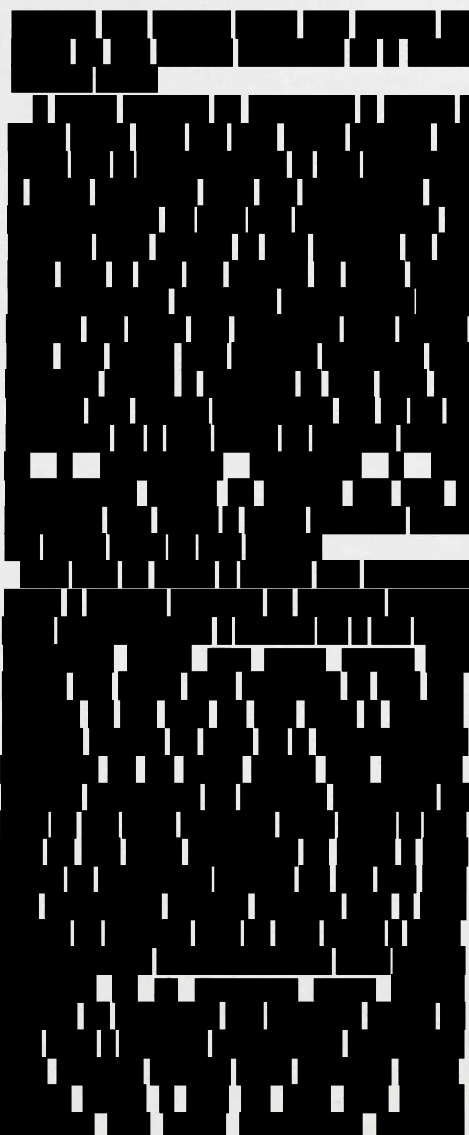
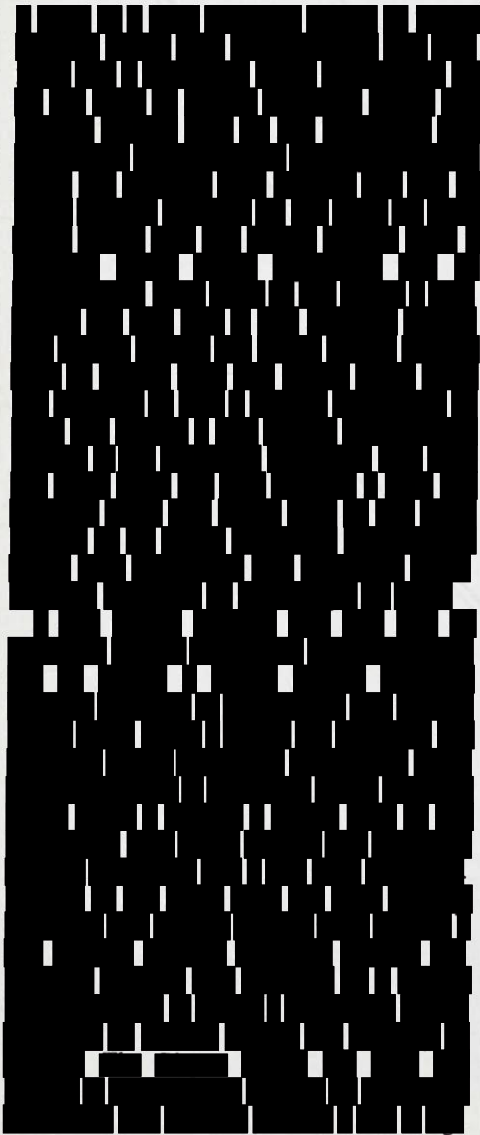
You could contact the South Manchester Women's Liberation Group, Women's Centre, 218 Upper Brooke Street, Manchester. (Tel: 273 2287)

# Advice...Info...Odds &

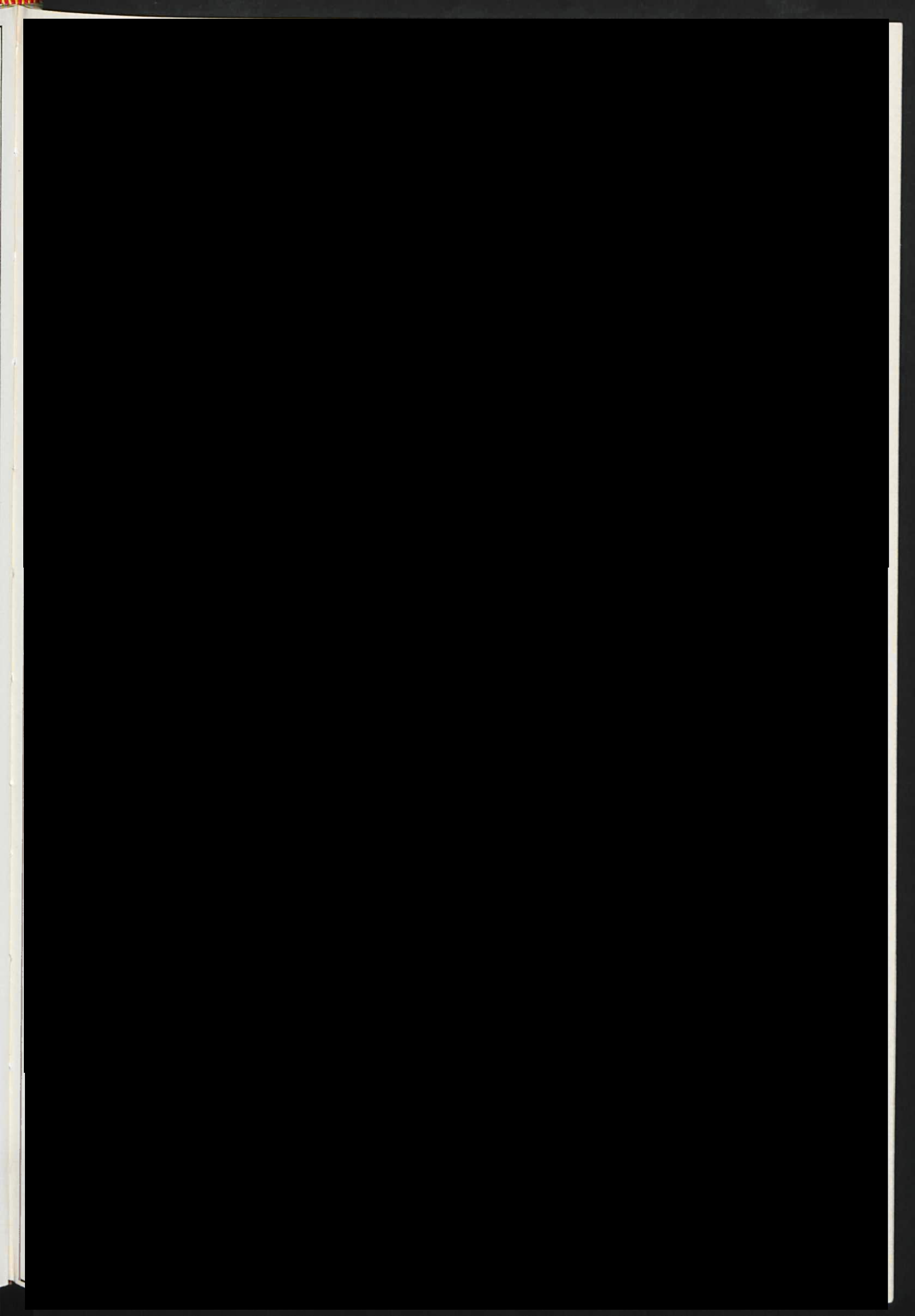




*Women students in an operating theatre at the Royal Free Hospital.*









*Women's Film Festivals seem to be an established cultural event nowadays; it seems hard to believe that the first festival in New York was held less than two years ago. A lot has happened since then, film groups have grown up all over Europe and the States; women in the movement have become increasingly aware of the importance of film in their struggle; even establishment film critics are a little uneasy when faced with the more blatant forms of sexism on the screen. All this is encouraging in so short a time, but what have we really achieved in our own terms in the last two years?*



Francine Winham

Claudia Alemann

# International Women's Film Seminar

... It's difficult to assess, really. The four-day International Seminar in Berlin organised by film-makers Claudia Alemann and Helke Sander in conjunction with the Arsenal Film Museum was not the most widely publicised and ambitiously programmed festival of women's films to date, but what it did achieve was something which I think in the long run will prove to be much more important - it gave women film-makers the opportunity to meet together and talk about their work, and to show and discuss their work in detail with women in the movement. All this may sound rather insular and inward-looking; nevertheless, it is a necessity at this point in time. In many countries, especially Germany, film is not seen as a useful tool for the women's movement, but rather as a luxury activity. On the other hand, the converse attitude is equally problematic: the belief that film is an

easy and almost magical solution to all problems!

What was most surprising about the film-makers who attend the seminar, was the different situations in which they had to work. Ariel Dougherty from New York is the organiser of a community-based project started less than two years ago in New York City which already has public funding to the tune of 14,000 dollars. In contrast, Anabella Miscuglio from Italy talked about the semi-clandestine way in which she and her sisters have to work, rarely being able to show films in public at all. Another surprising fact was that in spite of the emphasis on collective work in the Women's Movement, we from the Women's Film Group seemed to be among the very few who have attempted to put our ideals into practice and actually work together in a group, exchanging skills. Few women at the seminar expressed much hope

that they would be able to work and express their ideas in the established media; in Germany it is still possible to do this to some extent, because the numerous television companies still have to rely on small, independent productions to fill up their viewing hours, but in most other countries women were working outside the structures of the established media, in the parallel system. Nurith Aviv, an Israeli living in Paris, illustrates this trend very well. Having trained as a camerawoman at the Film School in Paris, in spite of sustained discouragement from all sides, she began working in the French film industry as France's only camerawoman - indeed, one of a handful in the whole of Europe. In a discussion about how few of us were able to earn our living making films, she put the problem succinctly, "for me, this is a big dilemma, because, as a camerawoman, I can make a lot of money



## ARTS

making movies. But this is for films of the system; the films I have done not only do not interest me, but they are against my political beliefs. . . . I would like to work with women now."

The films varied enormously, not just in content, but even in aims. The American films from the 'Women Make Movies' project in New York were new to all of us, and very much in the home movie tradition; 'Women's Happy Time Commune' by Sheila Paige and Ariel Dougherty which must be the first women's western reminded me very much of Andy Warhol's 'Lonesome Cowboys'. Other films from the project such as 'Fear' and 'Paranoia Blues' were made by local housewives, and while extremely roughly executed on the whole, they constitute a remarkable experiment in self-help. Ariel explained how the project operates. "Basically people come in from the neighbourhood, and don't know what they want to make a film about; but through the process of learning how to use the camera and shooting a practice roll and talking to people, they come up with a script which very much centres around their own personal situation". Women working on the project are particularly concerned about how the films are shown. "The people we want to reach most are not the people who are going to read the information about the movies. We show our films in senior citizen centres, community groups, black associations schools and so on. We usually take a projector with us. It's an

Liberate' nevertheless gave a forceful case for the ideological manipulation involved in the development of the pill. There were two other German films which were particularly striking; 'Mein Kind Gehort Mir', a brilliantly detailed study of the oppression of small children by parents, and 'His-Tory' a re-enactment of the now celebrated conversations between Clara Zetkin and Lenin on the subject of women, the camera making some wry comments which do not come out clearly in the written text. The Italian films were, perhaps, the most interesting, as they had not been shown outside Italy before.

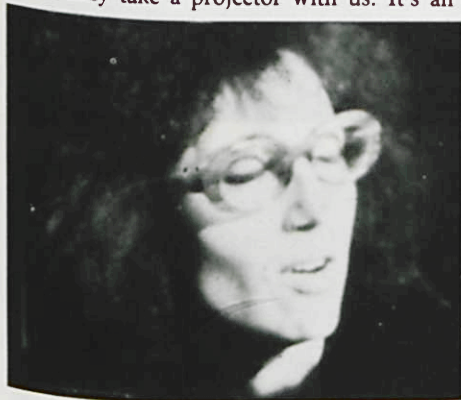


Ariel Dougherty in Berlin

"Aggettivo Donna" by Anabella Miscuglio and Rony Daopoulos gave a depressing account of the extent of the oppression of women in Italy, showing women working as porters in the Markets in Naples losing their jobs to men. 'La Lotta Non e Finita' gave an interesting insight into the women's movement in Italy, ending with a hilarious parody of a commercial for the women's movement itself! The French group, consisting of Danielle Jaeggi, Annie Caro and Nurith Aviv brought a video tape which they had just made about the women's occupation of a shirt factory at Cerizay, one of a wave of occupations undertaken in France during the last two years in which women play a leading role. A video tape of this kind is intended to be used in an agit-prop way, to encourage other women to take industrial action, and to keep people informed of events, as the established media repress information of this kind whenever possible.

One of the immediate results of the festival was that arrangements were made to distribute some of these films more widely; hopefully, there will be an opportunity to show some of them in London in the near future.

Claire Johnston



Annabella Miscuglio in Berlin

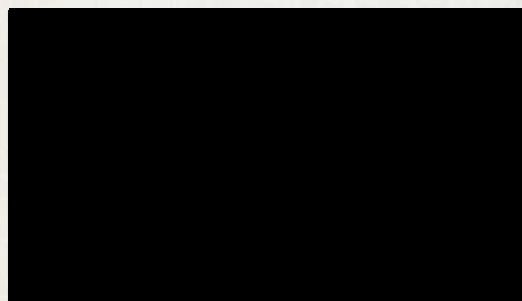
awful lot of work and very time consuming. But we really know that if we don't force ourselves to do it, then we aren't dealing with the hardest task of making a movie . . . getting it seen". In contrast, the German films, some of which had been made independently for television, were extremely professional in conception and presentation. Claudia Alemann's brilliant analysis of women's role in production, 'The Point Is To Change It' which was shown at the National Film Theatre last year, was the subject of considerable controversy: how useful was it to show to working-class women (for whom it was made)? Was the analysis too dry and academic? It appeared that the film had more supporters outside Germany. Helke Sander showed two of her films "Eine Pramie Fur Irene", a wonderfully inventive fiction film about the paranoia of factory life, evidently influenced not only by the great German film director Fritz Lang, but also by the English theatre director Joan Littlewood, with whom Helke worked some years ago. Her other film was much less interesting on a formal level, demonstrating the severe restrictions placed on women working within the established media, 'Does the Pill



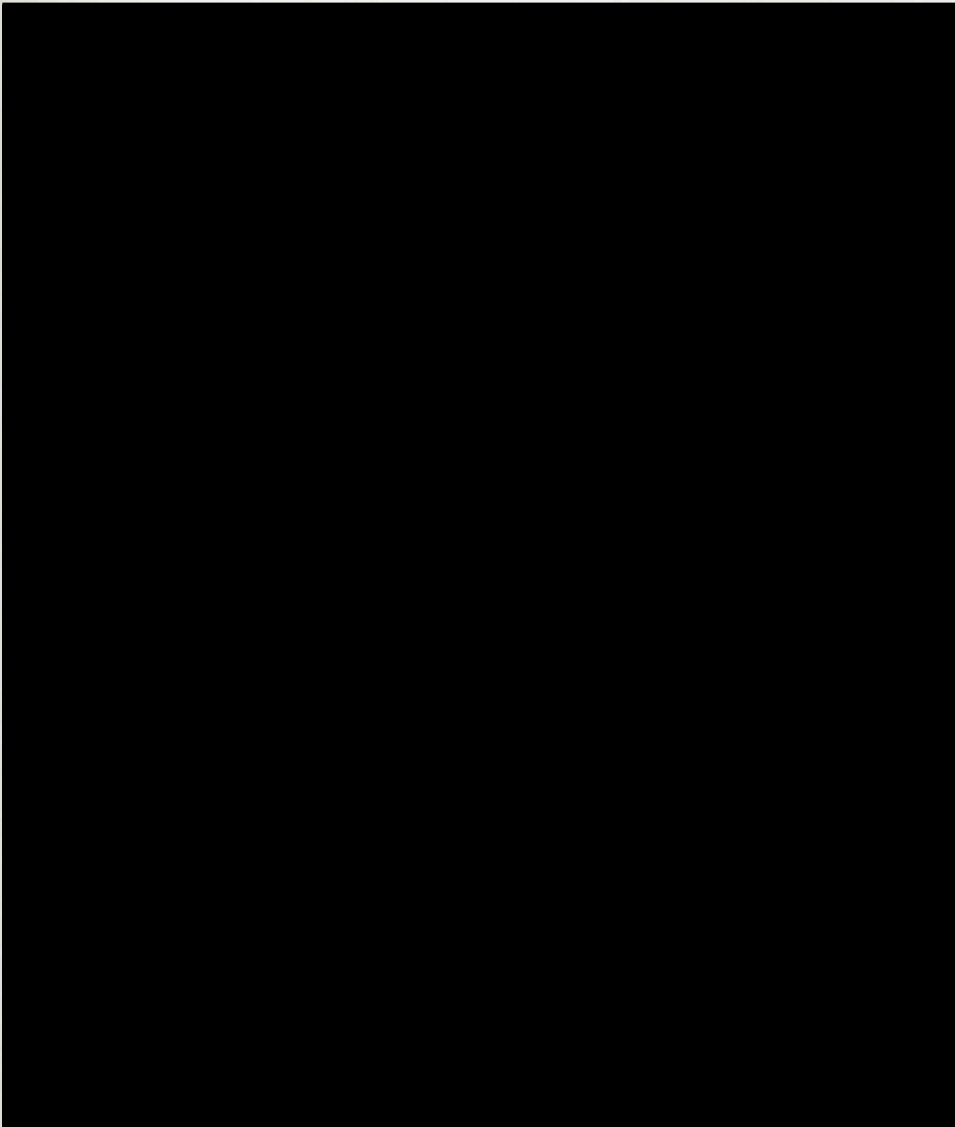
'The Point is to Change it' by Claudia Alemann, (Germany 1973) Abisag Tullmann  
Women are mostly employed in the stagnating sectors of the economy, in technically backward plants. . . . women's labour is cheaper than the installation of machinery.'



# Diane Arbus



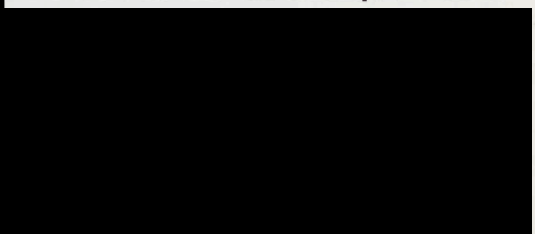




Diane Arbus' vision is infectious. Just as some authors write with such a powerful and personal vision that you continue to see the world through their eyes even after closing the book, so too with Diane Arbus. After looking away from her work people seem alienated, exposed and bathed in a vaguely unhealthy sheen. To what extent are we sharing a personal nightmare, and to what extent is she opening our eyes to reality? She believed the latter: 'I really believe that there are things which nobody would see unless I photographed them.'

Diane Arbus was born in New York in 1923. It was only during the last ten years of her life, after studying photography with Lisette Model, that she began to produce the extraordinary pictures on exhibition at the Hayward Gallery from March 27 until June 2. Previously she had worked as a fashion photographer with her husband. 'He would take the pictures she would get the ideas for them. She was the first to quit', wrote her daughter, Doon. By 1970 she had become a legend with work in most major museums, and the ultimate American accolade, an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. In 1971 at the age of 48 she committed suicide.

Her photographs show individuals trying to embody impossible sexual and social stereotypes. But whatever image they try to present to the world they can never quite make it.

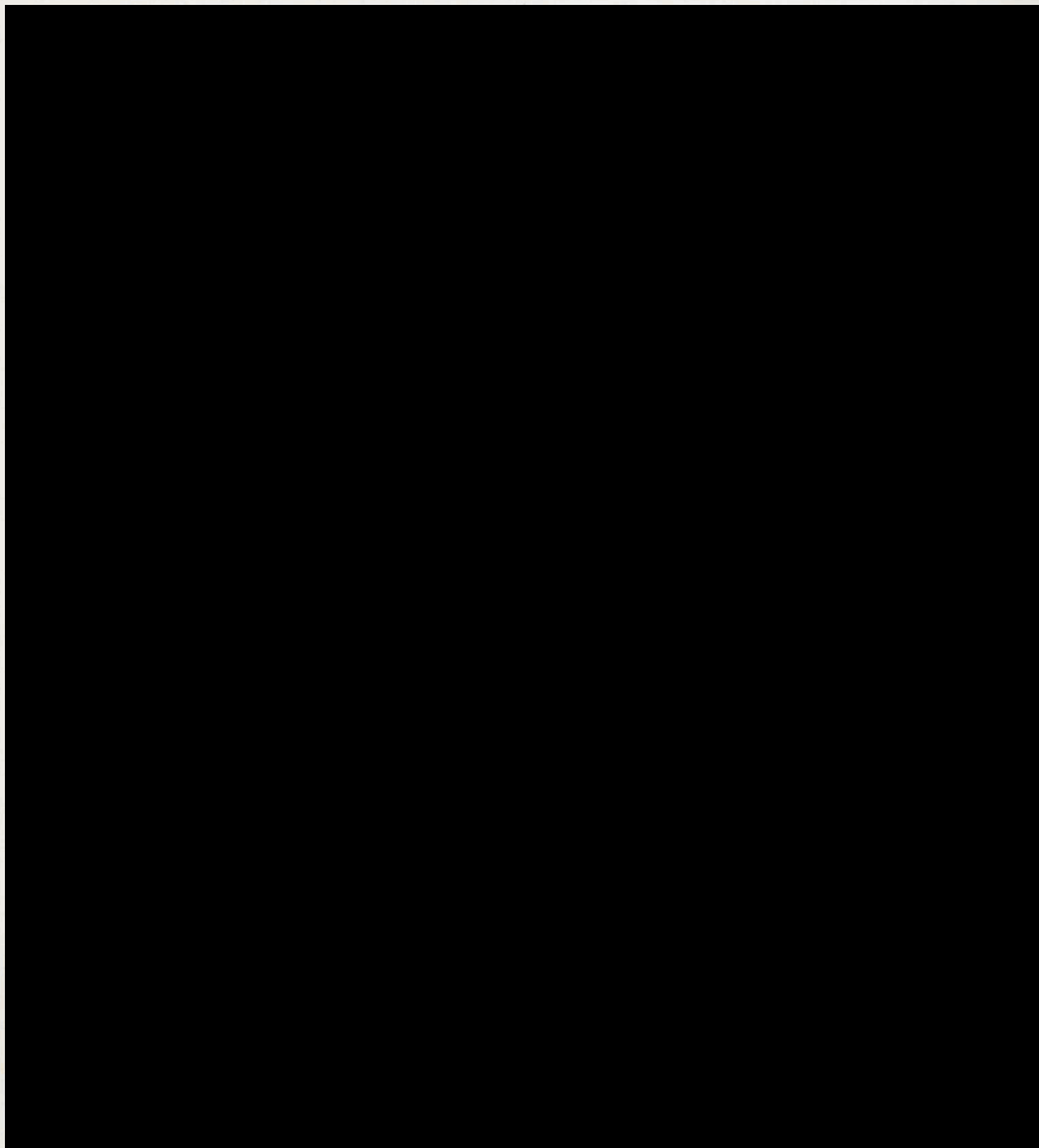


Diane Arbus always exposes the gap between intention and effect. She said, 'Everyone has that thing where they need to look one way but come out looking another way. You see someone in the street and essentially what you see is the flaw.'

The subjects pose self-consciously, presenting themselves as they would like to be seen, but she always picked out some subtle incongruity. The children and teenagers she photographed who try to escape the powerlessness of childhood by aping adults remain children, the tough people look vulnerable, the glamorous seem tawdry, and supposedly smart sitting rooms look desolate. In 'A young Brooklyn family going out for a Sunday outing' Diane Arbus shows both the woman and the man trying and failing to achieve contradictory stereotypes. He models himself on James Dean and she protects herself inside heavy Elizabeth Taylor make up - stereotypes at variance with the image of the happy nuclear family on its Sunday jaunt which in its turn is contradicted by the weight of the baby and the pathetic, retarded boy. Not only does she show the individuals struggle to put on the mask but she also punctures general stereotypes. Her babies always expose the ad man's dream baby; they are forever dribbling, sad and grubby.

The portraits are painful because they are so real and so familiar; I feel as if I've seen





most of the people at one time or another. Yet though they seem so ordinary there is always something quite extraordinary about them. She said, 'The more specific you are the more general you'll be.'

It's neither a patronising nor a loving vision: she was just fascinated by the way people looked. 'And there's this woman making a face. I really *mean* it's terrific. I don't mean I wish I looked like that. I don't mean I wish my children looked like that. I don't mean in my private life I want to kiss

you. But I mean that's amazingly, undeniably something.'

She claimed that in some sense she identified with her subjects. But to me the identification doesn't show in her work - maybe because it is so analytical.

Her people never communicate with each other. They all seem lonely. The one picture in which people are talking, 'Four people at a gallery opening' show formalities replacing communication.

The pictures themselves are oddly formal;

the subjects face the camera. Yet, unlike ordinary portrait photography, we are aware of the interplay between her and the subjects. They invite her into their inner sanctums and pose self-consciously while she makes their private lives public: 'I don't know what it's like to be a midget. I only know what it's like to be with them.'

She remained an observer not a participant and she has the critical powers of observation of an outsider. It's as if she was aware of how cruel her vision could be when she described



her behaviour with people she photographed: 'I'm extremely likeable with them. I think I'm kind of two faced. I'm very ingratiating. It really kind of annoys me. I'm just sort of a little too nice.'

The niceness of the hyper-critical who does not want to be exposed? Or, more likely, the behaviour of a shy person. She admitted that she was shy and her shyness was combined with a voyeuristic curiosity and a need for adventure: 'My favourite thing is to go where I've never been. For me there's something about just going into somebody else's home. Sometimes I have a sinking feeling of, Oh God it's time and I really don't want to go.'

She felt that the camera was a shield and wasn't afraid of anything once behind the view finder: 'There's a kind of power thing about the camera. I mean everyone knows you've got some edge. You're carrying some slight magic which does something to them. It fixes them in way.'

She visited nudist camps, drag balls, homes for handicapped, circuses and the seediest hotels in New York looking for photographs. Perhaps she needed extreme experiences and sights to break through her sense of unreality which she described: 'One of the things I felt I suffered from as a kid was I never felt adversity. I was confirmed in a sense of unreality which I could only feel as unreality. And the sense of being immune was, ludicrous as it seems, a painful one.'

A need to grasp reality infected her technique and partly explains her use of flash and the almost nightmarish clarity of some pictures: 'I wanted to see the real differences between things. I'm not talking about textures. I really hate that, the idea that a picture can be interesting simply because it shows texture, I mean that just kills me. It really bores the hell out of me. But I wanted to see the difference between flesh and material, the densities of different kinds of things: air and water and shiny. I began to get terribly hyped on clarity.'

She shone this bright unembarrassed light on freaks, saying that they filled her with shame and awe: 'Most people go through life dreading they'll have a traumatic experience, freaks were born with their trauma. They have already passed their test in life.'

She also admitted to finding their company reassuring in the most mundane way: 'One sort of unpleasant aspect of it was that it was a bit like being Jean Shrimpton, all of a sudden. I mean you had this feeling that you were totally sensational suddenly because of the circumstances.'

The photographs of freaks question society's whole concept of normality because her supposedly normal people look just as freaky as the freaks.

I find her last pictures almost too depressing to look at. Strange figures draped in unrecognisable garments and wearing masks cavort in a darkening anonymous landscapes which have all the airless sterility of her urban scenes without any of their comforting familiarity. It's as if the subjects have finally merged with their masks and the masks are revealed as meaningless.

Rosie Parker

## BOOKS

### Woman's Consciousness Man's World Sheila Rowbotham Penguin 35p

Women have been in a world without words. As a writer, Sheila Rowbotham helps to give us a language, as a marxist her theory is spelled out in a way that evokes the emotional upheavals that went into weaving it, how her alienation from the world of men, and her socialism, got connected with the development of women's liberation.

In the summer of '69 her pamphlet, *Women's Liberation and the New Politics*, was published. She expressed surprise at the Bristol Women's Liberation conference last year that it was still being bought. I would like to talk about this a little more, since it still seems vital, since a lot of women on the left are still struggling in their attempts to straddle and combine the various socialist organizations in which they can work with men, and the women's movement, and 'for women because we come from such a long silence'.

'Oppression is not an abstract moral condition but a social and historical experience. Its forms and expression change as the mode of production and the relationships between men and women, men and men, women and women, change in society.' Sheila writes about herself, puts herself in her own time and from this perspective extends an analysis of the way

### Woman's Consciousness, Man's World

Sheila Rowbotham



women have their lives stolen from them, how this operates now under advanced capitalism. How women are caught in a double bind where their work and love in the family are both the source of hope and humanitarianism, but a conservative force also, how the contradictory nature of the sacred role women are allotted is surfacing as women have been dragged more and more into the labour force or denied their educated potential in 'women's work', and as women realise the value of the work they do at home and begin to root out its implications.

Sheila wrote *Woman's Consciousness, Man's World*, three years ago and our analysis of some of the problems she

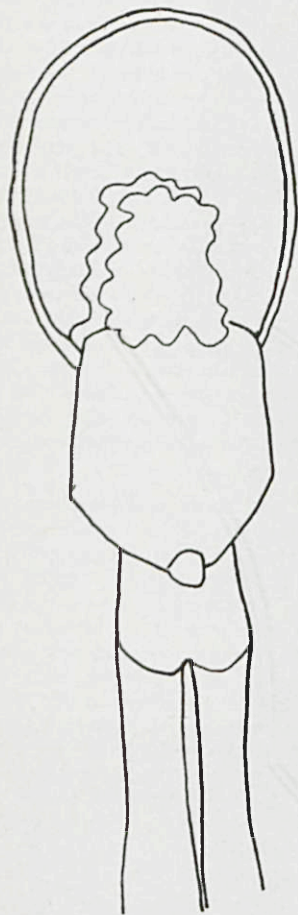
talks about is developing along with our practice, but until more women together find words to speak for themselves we remain isolated. Her discussion of silence in the pamphlet is a breakthrough. It's just like she says: 'The oppressed without hope are mysteriously quiet. When the conception of change is beyond the limits of the possible, there are no words to articulate discontent so it is sometimes held not to exist. This mistaken belief arises because we can only grasp silence in the moment in which it is breaking. The sound of silence breaking makes us realise we could not hear before.'

Often, when we begin to write for the first time, our imagination at the possibility of finding our own words goes crazy and we write incoherently or decoratively, just as our rage can be inarticulate. Then slowly the process connects up with the way we speak and we learn to write more simply and clearly. We also learn to place ourselves in the world of words that have previously been dead wood for us and use them in our speech. This week, when Marion and Pat and I were working through the night laying out Issue 21, I noticed Marion was using some new words, like 'space for herself' and was confidently talking about herself for the first time. In the early hours of the morning she said she'd been reading *Woman's Consciousness, Man's World*, and it was illuminating many things for her. Both allowing her to admit private thoughts to her public self, listening to feelings with feelings and opening her eyes to a wider view. Though neither of us shared much of Sheila's background, what she said about words floating past was common to us.

I'd also like to quote something from my diary a year and a half ago. I'm determined not to be embarrassed by it. I'd been watching telly on my own one Friday night. It was the first peaceful evening I'd had since the magazine had started months before. It was also a good night for television. There was the first half of *Les Enfants du Paradis*, a beautiful film made under difficult conditions during the war, Fellini being calm in the face of BBC stupidity on Film Night and asserting he didn't look for grotesque characters for his films, that's how people were, and one of Felix Greene's documentaries on China, on sport, the slogan 'friendship first, competition second'. There was film of women's basketball teams, watched and criticised during half time by enormous crowds, there was film of tiny girls learning intricate sword games equally with boys. Lacking much of a definition of women's culture that is acceptable as such, struggling to keep the magazine going, printers, distribution, not enough money, the contradictions of us as a group trying to get towards collective work while being immersed in a world that denies its possibilities, this programme was inspiring. I had scribbled the following: 'TV off, I stretched again, and walked to the kitchen. I was singing. I suddenly realised I was singing. I got carried away by the fact that I was singing. I sat on the toilet and my voice echoed



a bit from a special place on the wall. I tried the scales. I remembered them well. It was the first time in my life I'd been able to sing them out with a clear note. The top 'doh' went wrong. I looked at myself as a kid and laughed. I told my cunt how happy I was. I was one, whole, me with a voice. Back in the kitchen I washed up. I remembered old songs, I experimented with sounds, I remembered Bee Bop, I sang my thoughts, what I was doing washing up. I'd never felt so happy. In the bathroom, I washed my blue dress in the basin. I looked in the mirror tentatively at the new me. It was three dimensional I gasped and looked away. I looked into the mirror and the depth and the shapes were so clear. My body was shaking a bit. I thought, 'I am alone, if I get into this mirror, I may not come back.' I had to play it carefully. Investigate. I talked to myself in the mirror. Then catching sight of my hands, they looked fatter and red and fleshy and ugly. I looked up again at the flesh of my lips in the mirror.



They were pretty. I watched how my eyes work, how I convey my feelings by my face. I felt confused which was me and had to tell the person in the mirror that it was me. 'You', I said, 'are me, and I am you.' I celebrated, she and me were celebrating. That was no one dimensional reflection of a passive, worried what it looked like, how it appeared to others, face, that was one with a shape, an identity and a voice. I stayed awake in bed for hours. What did this mean. Was it discovery of me after getting some freedom, was it a descent into a mirror world. If mad people look to see what is behind the mirror, behind the reflection, was I doing this or was I being normal, non-mad, about the mirror for the first time in my life, or was it nothing but a physical representation of my mind's dis-

covery of my mind which my eyes had to materialise to prove it to my mind. Of course, that's what it was a change in consciousness, therefore perception. My mind is my body and the way I use my face which I've never seen, is just knowing me better. Before the me looked back but I couldn't recognise the face as meaning anything to me. The reflection trapped me in my own image. Now that image does not exist except for me and how I use it. Before the image and how other people reacted to that image was all that was materialised, now we are one and I own the rights over that image and I can use it and I am it and it reflects me, no more a mirror of how they saw me."

After describing her early games with the mirror, the confirmation of her identity by being there and not there, Sheila writes, 'The vast mass of human beings have always been mainly invisible to themselves while a tiny minority have exhausted themselves in the isolation of observing their own reflections.' Near the end of 'Through the Looking Glass', she says: 'In order to understand a general idea like male hegemony it is necessary first to perceive in a whole series of separate moments how this has affected you. Then those moments have to be communicated. This is part of the total process of female self-recognition. It is the way through which we start to make our own language, and discover our own reflections. The confirmation of our understanding comes through our organisation and our action.' I have mentioned some moments for Marion and me as if this were a discussion group. We have been helped by working on the magazine together for a long time, so that we have the opportunity of consolidating the new ways we perceive ourselves, 'Language is part of the political and ideological power of the rulers.' What part Spare Rib plays in sticking a hole in the cloak of women's magazines, I am not sure. Our most serious attempt is to publish women writing about themselves rather than journalists who have learned correct styles of expression. Ultimately, women have to connect up with each other and here Spare Rib is only a poke for some.

One of the first comments I heard about Sheila's writing, ages ago in my study group, was that it was democratic. Another older woman said it was the first really feminist writing she had seen. Both these statements reflect the way she writes. Women frequently gossip. We don't have to discard these patterns of talking, we can transform them into structures that express also our ideas. Sheila writes with all the peculiar rhythms brought from the depths of ourselves, and with the intimacy of honesty.

Sartre wrote, in 'Materialism and Revolution' in 1949: "'After all', the leaders probably think, 'what does ideology matter? Our old materialism has proved itself and will surely lead us to victory. Ours is not a struggle of ideas, it is a political and social struggle between men.' They are probably right in so far as the present or even the near future, is concerned.

But what kind of men are they forming? You cannot with impunity, form generations of men by imbuing them with successful but false, ideas. What will happen if materialism stifles the revolutionary design to death one day?"

Sheila arrived in the middle of a marxism that was choking. She, out of the radical student movement, and other women in Women's Liberation, have given it back some energy. I have neglected to talk about Sheila's ideas in the book. I have instead tried to say what it can mean to discover writing that expresses so precisely how the political grows out of the personal.

Marsha Rowe

## In the Springtime of the Year

Susan Hill

Hamish Hamilton £2.25

Susan Hill writes in an evocative, detailed way, of the relationships and spaces between people, and the pressures that make a person express herself in a certain way. *I'm the King of the Castle* (Penguin 35p) describes the tragedy of Hooper and Kingshaw, 2 11-year-old boys, who hate each other, and how Kingshaw, sensitive, bullied and constantly disbelieved, is driven to suicide, leaving Hooper monarch of his own world. The real tragedy is that each boy's parent refuses to credit the intensity of the declared hatred, clinging to a belief in childhood phases so that their own happiness together will not be threatened. The theme of unusual relationships and untimely death is again taken up in *Strange Meeting* (Penguin 30p), which follows the progress of the friendship of Hilliard, a seasoned First World War lieutenant, and the new recruit Barton, and how, despite their different experiences and characters, real love develops between them. But, always putting the lie to the "Happily ever after..." dream, the author kills Barton, and Hilliard, softened by his love, is left to meet Barton's happy family and enjoy a shadow of the comradeship he has briefly experienced.

Susan Hill's latest novel, *In the Springtime of the Year*, is a development of these other two, in that she starts from the position of the bereavement, and explores its effect on a young woman. Ruth Bryce, of the rural 1920s, has spent only a year of idyllic happiness with her husband Ben before he is killed in an accident.

Ruth does not react in a socially acceptable way to her husband's death. When the news is brought by the foresters, his co-workers, she screams so as not to hear the details. For she already knows, she has had a flash of intuitive panic that very morning - "...it was a wave of terror, rising, breaking, and pouring down on her, the sky seemed to have gone black." She does not want the body at her cottage, the funeral she dreads as an ordeal. Her refusal to view the remains is tacitly criticised - "she saw the expression on Alice's (her sister-in-law's) face, remembered what she had said that night, 'You're not feeling enough to cry.'" She is alienated by her mother-in-law, who conventionally weeps and moans for

weeks. The whole village, their offers of help rejected by Ruth, begins to speculate on her insanity and whether she will commit suicide.

Ruth must come to terms with her own life, and at first she hardly survives physically; food becomes nauseous to her and she sleeps fitfully on a chair at night, not wanting to face the marital bedroom alone. When she can rationalise her own situation, "she felt she was the still centre of a disintegrating world", but before she can reach this point, and thence relate to other people, she has first to be suffused in her own feelings.

Susan Hill conveys the essential aloneness of Ruth's struggle, the ultimate separateness of every individual in the face of a crisis. However, there is one person who can never fully alleviate, but can understand, her sorrow. This is Joe, Ben's younger adolescent brother, who keeps Ruth in one piece by ensuring she has food and warmth, recognising her need for him, although at times she is not even aware of his presence. A strange kind of love develops between these two. We follow Ruth's intricately mapped grief, through despair, numbness, guilt and self-examination, and are only let off the hook in her rare quiet moments with Jo, as when they spend a day at the seaside. "They lay in the sand, and Ruth half-closed her eyes, so that the sea and sky danced together, were incandescent, it was a magic world and time went on forever."

Ruth finally plucks up courage to ask Potter, Ben's workmate, the exact manner of his death, and to both this is a purging experience. Her weeping, in company, "was of more value than all the months of solitary mourning". Soon afterwards, during a dawn walk, she meets, perhaps too coincidentally, the curate, who has just lost his little daughter, and is hysterical and atheistic with despair. Ruth cares for him and his demented wife for a while, but knows from her own experience that "they had to make the journey through their own grief, and there was no medicine which could ever help them."

She then begins to become involved with others again. Alice, pregnant and turned out of her parents' home, seeks her help, and Ruth tries to take on the role of peacemaker among her husband's family. Her introspection lessens, and at the end of the book she is concerned even for old Moony, who died alone and undiscovered for weeks. "She must not let anyone in her own life come to that."

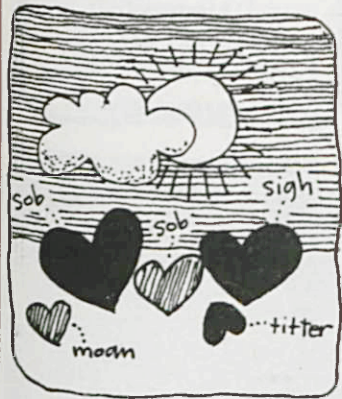
*In the Springtime of the Year* describes the grief of anyone deprived of a close loving relationship, but it is also specifically a woman's struggle. Ruth cares for Ben, and when she loses him cares for no-one, not even herself, for a long time. Her 'own salvation' is only fully realised when she is again taking on a caring role. This is necessary to her because, although possessing a strong personality, she is "afraid of taking any initiatives with time and circumstance, people and places. She had never done so, because her father had been there, and Ben". Ben is rather the idealised wise woodman,



with his insights into the pattern of the seasons, life and death. Despite these minor flaws, this novel is gripping, if somewhat depressing, and well worth reading for its sympathetic treatment of an intense personal crisis.

Maggie Lomax

## The Purple Heart Throbs by Rachel Anderson Hodder and Stroughton, £2.95



cartoons by Pat Kahn

As a subject of study, romantic fiction has been unhappily neglected. As reading material it is thriving: twenty-five million romantic novels are sold each year (written mostly by and for women). The substance of so many day dreams is surely worth attention.

In *The Purple Heart Throbs*, Rachel Anderson traces the history of the romantic novel from its beginning in the middle of the nineteenth century until the present day. There is some – though not enough – material on the readership; vivid biographical details on the authors; and careful documentation of the changing ideals expressed in the novels. These are illustrated with large, well-chosen chunks from the works of the most celebrated.

A most significant development during the last century was the change in the relative importance of spiritual and physical love. Many of the early books, published by the Religious Tract Society, encouraged people to lead the good life. Both hero and heroine have gentle christian virtues, and will sacrifice their love of each other for the love of God. But as the century progressed the christianity became less orthodox and there was a growing confusion between spiritual, emotional and physical passion (sometimes all three embodied in one person, as in *The soul of the bishop* by Mrs Stannard 1893). And gradually sex takes a predominant position, not consummated sex, however, which rarely appears in the history of romance (usually heroines avoid the final horror by fainting or dying, or God may help out with a freak storm). In the 1860's and 70's Ouida and Rhoda Broughton shocked the public with their novels of torried and throbbing passions: In *Moths* (by Ouida, 1880) there is certainly physical desire, "For an instant the temptation seized him, like a flame that wrapped him in its fire from head to foot. But the appeal to his strength and to his pity called to him from out that mist and

heat of passion and desire." At the beginning of this century in the books of Elinor Glynn and E.M., Hull, things went further, more conventions were shaken, love was consummated and sex enjoyed, especially in the desert – but today romantic literature has regained its early position as the upholder of moral virtue, it's 'love' not sex that counts.

Throughout this period our hero has changed little, whether disguised as an arab, a prince, or a doctor, he is powerful and fierce, handsome but cruel, with a square clean-shaven jaw, but in the end he turns out to be soft and sensitive really. Again and again one confronts that all-time fantasy: "He kissed her as she had never been kissed before – a single fiery kiss that sent all the blood in tumult to her heart. She shrank and quivered under it, but she was powerless to escape. There was sheer unshackled savagery in the holding of his arms, and dismay thrilled her through and through." (*The Knave of Diamonds*, E.M. Dell, 1913).

All this ought to make depressing reading, but Rachel Anderson writes with such great humour that it is impossible to be too serious about it. Her lack of interest in the readership is disappointing, but the book is none the less enormously enjoyable.

Katherine Gieve

finally the courage of the garment-factory workers as they take the irreversible step of throwing off their chains. Life for them will never be the same again, and it takes courage to do that to your life. Women from real occupations, real strikes and real lock-outs acted in the film in a collective with professional filmmakers. Life for them is no longer the same and that knowledge gives them a power which communicates through the screen – so much so that in France the film has been attacked and undermined for inciting crime and provoking industrial unrest.

The story starts with a gruelling, relentless portrait of the work of women on a production belt in the clothing industry. Visually it is exquisitely articulate. Early capitalist conditions still prevail – no talking, no smoking, permission to use the lavatory frequently withheld, foremen on constant patrol clearly confident that sexual jurisdiction goes hand in glove with supervision of work. Every man a headmaster, a patriarchal transplant from the home and the church into work. Not so "early capitalist" as all that maybe – because these features still bedevil modern industry too, but the film does ignore the subtleties of current labour relations. It has nothing to say, for example of the ability of capi-



The film is available from The Other Cinema, 12/13 Little Newport St., London WC2H 7JJ Tel. 01-734 8508 on 16mm., and an enterprising tour around factories and housing estates is planned for it in Bristol using a mobile cinema.

## THEATRE

### JUDIES,

by David Fitzsimmons,  
at the Comedy theatre.

A play which has had welcome reviews in most papers, and which is in fact of the same order of E.A. Whitehead's plays 'Alpha Beta' and 'The Foursome'. Both are about the

way the sexes carve each other up, inside and outside marriage. Both strike a certain naturalist, surface echo in one's own experience. Both show totally nihilistic, empty people who can do nothing but destroy each other. It makes one realise how infinitely more sophisticated and socially pointed Feydeau's farces are - as well as being better constructed and written plays, and immensely funny as well. Fitzsimmons' and Whitehead's male-oriented fantasies about women are as lop-sided as their view of male ego is. They give no hint as to why men and women apparently hate each other and are sexually destructive; it is simply behaviour. Avoid it.

Micheline Wandor

## FREE PREGNANCY TESTS

British Pregnancy Advisory Service is a non profit making registered charitable trust.

**Birmingham**  
021-643 1461  
**Brighton**  
0273 509726  
**Coventry**  
0203 51663  
**Leeds**  
0532 443861  
**Liverpool**  
051-227 3721

British Pregnancy Advisory Service

**BPAS**

## MUSIC

### Stevie Wonder

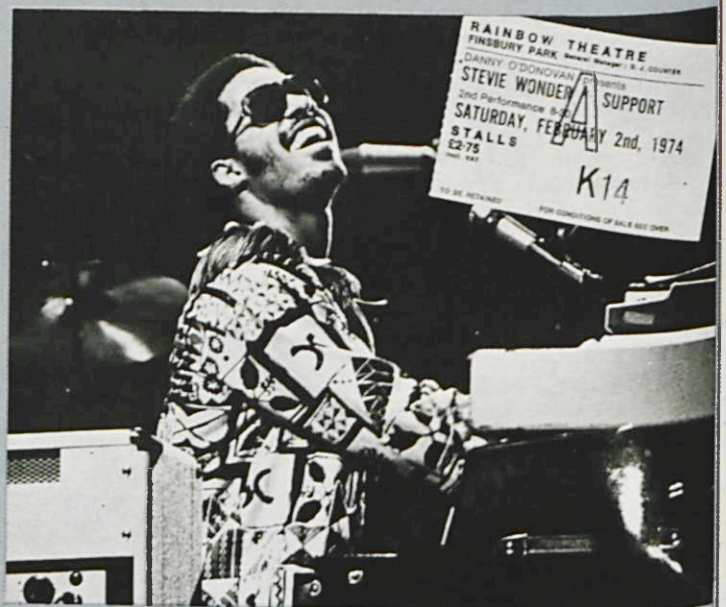
The relevance of writing about a concert after it has happened has always seemed questionable to me, especially since our publication date is long after the event. I've avoided it as a rule, unless it was extraordinary. And the *Stevie Wonder* concert at the Rainbow, London, was extraordinary.

An unmistakable bond linked the singers and musicians of Wonderlove and Stevie Wonder. It was amplified by the feed-back of affection from the audience, so that no one wanted it to end.

I was lucky enough to go to one of the two extra concerts booked the week after his first two shows which sold out within hours. Many weren't so lucky; thousands of people queued for tickets and the ticket tout's going price was £30.00.

The tapes of the concerts will form the basis of a live album which he said should be released around March. His drum solo prompted Eric Clapton to declare him the best drummer in the world; he played harmonica on 'Sunshine Of My Life' which in one of his many moments of fun, slipped into a pre-war light programme favourite 'Holiday For Strings'. His sound on organ and synthesised electric piano equalled his 'Innervisions' and previous 'Talking Book' versions of 'High Ground', 'Don't You Worry 'Bout A Thing', the beautiful 'Visions' and of course 'Superstition.'

Too soon, it ended. Stevie, still not fully recovered from his almost fatal car accident, was obviously tired, but he came back on stage and everyone was on their feet while he did his last number. He improvised a song, expressing his love and gratitude to the audience, he told us that he would be back soon and how happy he was that we were his friends. He symbolised his emotional sincerity by



taking off his glasses and asking Wonderlove vocalist Denise Williams to give them to the audience.

It was an extraordinary concert. I wasn't the only one who was moved to tears.



### Bonnie Raitt

Bonnie Raitt's new album 'Takin' My Time' (Warner) shows her, along with some fine musicians, continuing to interpret songs selected from old country blues artists and newer, lesser known writers, though she writes her own songs too. Her style of singing the blues is unpretentious and full of feeling. 'I'm a vehicle' she said in a Newsweek interview, 'Not for me or Elton John or Carole King, but for the old songs

people ought to know or the new ones that haven't had a fair hearing'.

An experienced acoustic and electric blues guitarist, she learnt from great bluesmen such as Mississippi Fred McDowell and on a song written by him 'write Me A Few Of Your Lines/Kolomo Blues' she plays vintage bottleneck guitar. The slow Randy Newman track 'Guilty' and the funky, up-tempo 'You've Been In Love Too Long' demonstrates her

vocal flexibility and instinctive love of blues.

Says Bonnie, 'I know it seems like a type for me to sing the blues. But they speak to me. The blues is pain. Maybe because the problems of the middle class aren't real, like how to buy food or pay the rent, we suffer real pain from divine decadence.'

### Carly Simon

'Hotcakes' is Carly Simon's follow up to her 'No Secrets' album on *Elektra*. There appears to be a collection of influences, her husband James Taylor being one. He plays guitar on most of the tracks and vocal back up on Inez and Charlie Foxx's 'Mockingbird', the only song not written by Carly Simon. There's an essence of Dory Previn on 'Older Sister' a song expressing Carly's feelings of inferiority to one of her two sisters. She plays either guitar or piano and sometimes both on all but the title track. 'Hotcakes' is a frustratingly short, out of character, throw away number, opening with up tempo drums and cymbals, a vocal 'hubba hubba' from Carly Simon, followed by sax, trombone and trumpet which disappear into the end of side one. The mood of the album is contentment and the songs for the most part about love. But her cons-



ciousness of identity shows confusion and fear in her song 'Safe And Sound', 'Maharaj wants you to lead a pilgrimage to Tibet/New York women want me sounding off like a suffragette/I know that each of us is all alone in the end/But the trip still feels less dangerous when you've got a friend.'

Marion Fudger



# Women in Music:

## LINDA LEWIS

*I first heard Linda Lewis on her LP 'Lark', though it wasn't her first album. I wondered how she managed to maintain her high vocal pitch for the length of an album without risking monotony. I wondered if her child-like, soulful voice really reflected her personality. Her most recent LP 'Fathoms Deep' shows her extending her vocal range and exploring the lower end of the scale. The blend is light and warmly relaxing, much like Linda herself in fact, both when she's performing and when she's sitting on the floor, drinking tea, talking to me for hours.*



My mum was really nice, she knew what I wanted to do. She sang when she was young but she didn't have the opportunity because my Grandfather who was West Indian thought that a black girl should have an education so that she could have a chance to be equal with the other kids. This was in the East End. She got married and did all the things that you do around that way but she really wanted to sing. She ran off with the leader of a band when she was about seventeen, but my Grandfather found out where they were staying. He was like a big, huge black man with lots of white hair, he was a seaman and he went there and threatened the guy with a knife. I think my Mother's always felt she missed out, she sings at home, and when she goes out and gets a bit drunk, and there's a band on the stage, she always gets up and sings. She's like one of the old-timers with all the actions and everything. Sometimes I look at myself and I see her. She's not really into the music that I do, but she really loves me singing, and she's very, very proud, it's almost embarrassing sometimes, I had to try and talk to her about it.

I couldn't live at home, there's too many people there, I couldn't write songs, there's six children in my family, mostly girls, I'm the eldest and I've got no Dad. The youngest is five, but the sister who was closest to me and used to be my really good friend,

is the furthest away from me now, she got pregnant and married this guy who seems very narrow minded. Now she's got two kids, she's only twenty-one and she doesn't seem to have any kind of enthusiasm left. They're always broke too, my family is always broke, so I'm like the hero, the eldest sister who went out into the world. It gets a bit heavy sometimes, I feel responsible, I feel I've got to look after them in a way, 'cos they can't seem to get out of it. They still live in the East End and sometimes I come away from home crying, I feel oh God it's so heavy there, like they're slogging away to get money and it goes very quickly, I feel ever so guilty about the money I earn.

The younger kids are great, the thirteen year old one came and sang with me once at a gig, she's got a great voice. Her and her friend next door write songs, amazing songs, they listen to the radio all the time, it's their whole life. I'd like to help produce them this year. They write the music as well, they do it like I used to, when I say write it, it's not writing it, you just think it up in your head and remember it.

I went to a convent, I didn't learn anything there at all, my sisters have been sent there too. It was a big, huge convent so you always felt like you were one of the girls in this huge mob, and sometimes the teachers would have to ask your name again because there were so many of us. I had this kind of fear about the nuns as well, I always used to want to know what was underneath all that stuff they wore, sometimes they seemed really uptight because their lives were so strict. There was one nun there who was 103, she used to walk around and all she did was feed the birds, she was like this shrivelled up old blackbird. She would just sit there on the bench with her head bent, just waiting

to die. But the way they teach you is not love, it's like fear, 'If you don't do that then you'll go to hell'. They said that good Catholic girls should marry a good Catholic boy, or if you get a call from God, then you must take it up. I used to imagine when I was lying in bed that I could hear the angels calling me, I could hear them, I was really frightened 'cos I used to think I don't want it and if they ask me I can't refuse, so I'd go to the loo, 'cos I was safe in the loo, they wouldn't come there, it was my only escape.

When I left, they told me to forget all those silly ideas about wanting to sing, so I tried to put them out of my head. They got me this job in Cable Street in an insurance office, Cable Street is like something out of the past, right in the centre of the East End. I couldn't bear it, so I left.

When I was about fourteen, I met John Lee Hooker who was playing in a club at Southend, I asked him if I could get up and sing and he said I could when he'd finished. So I did, I sang 'Dancing in the Street'. Half the people had gone home by then, but it was nice and he asked me to come to a place in Carnaby Street the next day. I think he was sort of after me, but I thought 'wow, Carnaby Street, swinging London', so I went and he introduced me to this guy Ian Samual. He seemed sincerely interested in my voice and said he'd help me. I did some gigs at weekends, I didn't go looking around the agencies for work though, I just waited for Sammy to ring, he was supposed to be my manager at the time. Not that I knew anything about managers and agents, but I was in love with him and anything he said was right. I signed an awful five year contract, we used to do gigs and not get paid, but after a few years I got out of it.

I was absent from school a lot 'cos of gigs. My Mum knew, but



she knew I really wanted to sing; she only sent me to a convent 'cos she's a Catholic. I mean she's really loose my Mum, you know, dirty jokes and drinking and showing her drawers when she's drunk; but she's got this other thing, like you mustn't have abortions and things like that 'cos it's against the religion. I got really confused.

When I used to make love to my boyfriend, I used to go to confession and tell the priest, 'cos I would feel that I had to, and the priest would want to know the guy's name and all that. One of the first gigs that I did, I went to Rome, that completely obliterated everything. I always wanted to go to St. Peters, and when I got there, I had a mini skirt on and they wouldn't let me in. All the sentries were ogling at me and making rude remarks. The nuns were sending scarves to the Pope, and it was five bob to get to the top of St. Peters, it was like a fairground you know? So that was that, I couldn't get into it after that.

I joined a group with Herbie Goins, it was like a soul review. I enjoyed that. The organist and I broke away and formed a group called the White Rabbit, but we didn't have any luck, we didn't have any money behind us.

When Marsha Hunt left a group called Ferris Wheel, she recommended me and I joined them. I stayed with them for two years and I started to write songs. I'd think them up and then tell them to a musician, but because



they were very free in my head, he would say it was impossible, so I started to learn how to play guitar. I got a guitar book, and tried to do what it said, but nothing would come out. Then I started fiddling about and finding things on my own and that's when I started getting interested.

I joined an all girl group for a while. This was before Fanny or anyone like that. There was me and a girl called Maureen Grey and Alice Ormsby-Gore, she couldn't play really, but she had this amazing electric guitar and we were so jealous, but we thought we would have her in our band 'cos she was Eric Clapton's girlfriend! We were going to be like a super-girl group, but we never actually did a gig.

After the Ferris Wheel, I was out of work and broke, I just felt like giving up. I didn't know what I wanted to do. That's when I started on my own, writing a lot more songs, and Jeff Dexter who's my mate, gave me a gig at the Roundhouse. It was a total hash 'cos I was so nervous, yet I could do it at home. That's why I think that however much you rehearse, when you get up on the stand it's completely different. But people didn't seem to mind the mistakes, some of it got through, I suppose I was trying too hard, I wanted them to

like me so much. It's lovely when you finish a number and people clap, it really spurs you on. Sometimes I go on and I feel really fragile, and I go on and on getting stronger and stronger 'cos you're giving out something and they're giving you something back, it's like energy going back and forward.

In about 1969 when Sammy was working at Warner Bros., he suggested that I did an album. I made 'Say No More' with session musicians, but I'm not really that proud of it, 'cos I didn't have a lot to do with it. They signed me up with a contract that I would make an album every year, it's the same contract that I have now, except there's a few changes in it, like more money.

Then I broke off with Sammy, I thought we'd gone far enough together, he had another band at the time, so I thought he wouldn't be too hurt. I think we're better friends now, but I'd got to a point where I found I wasn't listening, it was very difficult.

I looked around for a manager, and everyone recommended Tony Gourvish, he was at Warner Bros. with Family and I was living with Jim from Family so it all tied in. At first I thought he was horrible, well he's insecure inside, now I know that, but he puts on a very bold front.

He said yes in the end and he was great, he started getting me gigs. Before that, I used to just turn up at folk clubs and ask if I could sing and they used to book me back for money at the door, like if ten people pay two and six, then you get half of it, it was nice.

Then I started getting the real big gigs, that was a bit scary, so different, all those people. I did a gig in Paris in a big theatre and I was with Johnny Halliday and he had a great big band, and I came out and they were all going 'Ou, ou, ou, ou,' it was really horrible. I started to sing a song and they were all laughing and I just had to stop and say 'look, shut up' and I started crying, but I really felt like crying, and if you want to communicate to people you have to be honest.

When I write lyrics, I have a feeling going round in my head, like about leaving Sammy. I wanted to write about it, but I didn't want to say 'Sammy', so I wrote about his place and there was this lovely piano there. I wrote 'Goodbye Joanna, you can stay with Sam, give him your keys please, 'cos he's a real good man', but that took me ages. Although I wrote that one for myself, some people thought Joanna was a woman lover or a child, so I thought well that's cool, if they want to think that.

Most of my songs are straightforward, like 'I'm in love again', that was when I was upset because Jim stayed out all night with a guy and I'd cooked him dinner and everything. I just had my guitar with me and I was really depressed but it turned out funny in the end, the song had a cynical tinge to it and I think women can identify with it. I was saying 'don't stay home, just go out' because I felt like doing that but I couldn't, so I put it in a song instead. A lot of times, your songs are like a good escape for you. There are certain things I can't write about at the moment, if I could put them into words, I would, like Dylan, he knows how to use the words and say it.

When I did the gig at the Royal Festival Hall, the first big gig of my own, a lot of girls were there and they would come up and say nice things. I used to admire Laura Nyro and when I went to her concert, I went backstage and I wanted to tell her but I couldn't say. I remember I took her by the hand and I said 'I think you're amazing' or something that really sounded stupid and she just looked at me as if to say 'Oh really?' and I was so embarrassed I just left the room. So now when anyone comes backstage and takes my hand, I know, you know? I understand that they want to say



**Joni Mitchell**  
has a new album!  
It's called  
**"Court and Spark"**  
from Asylum  
Records and Tapes

SYLA 8766

Marketed by EMI Records



something.

Sometimes I think I want to behave a certain way on stage, but it all goes astray when I get there, you just become something else, things happen like when I've been bashing a tambourine, I've come off stage with my hands bleeding and I haven't even felt it. You just get like an instrument and it all comes through you, sometimes I really feel very high, that's probably part of the attraction, it's like a drug a bit. I don't take other drugs anymore, a lot of things come from instinctiveness and if I'm stoned it just confuses me and I get very paranoid but not the paranoia that can turn into energy. It can also make you very self confident and that's wrong too because that's like 'I don't care' and you become insensitive to what's going on.

You know, I think everyone should have a kit of drums, they're great to get your repressions out on, I'd love to have a drum kit at home, in a sound proof box, so's I could bash it and bash it. I think they should have them in all mental homes and prisons and everywhere. After a while you can make a simple rhythm, but if there's people around it's embarrassing. Once I was in a box, in this studio playing for hours, it must have sounded terrible but I really

enjoyed it, I felt like I'd been for a long walk.

I try not to play too much now when we do gigs, just sing, 'cos that's what I love doing best of all. When I used to sing on my own, I'd make a goof on what I was playing and that used to put me right off, but someone once said to me that there aren't any wrong notes, you can make them right, like a dischord, you can make a pattern.

The guys that I play with are great, I get such power from them now, but when I first had the band, I was a bit frightened because I didn't know how I was going to handle them. I'd been in a band before and I knew what I wanted to do, but when I'd say 'well let's do it like this', everyone would go 'ugh' and I'd feel really embarrassed and stupid but I just had to keep at it.

I went through a stage when I really started thinking about how I wanted to sing but it inhibited me, I sing better when I'm not thinking at all. I just sing how I feel, but my voice has got deeper and I'm upset that I can't get so high anymore, I'd like to be able to do both. If you imagine yourself out in the ocean and you were drowning and you want to shout help, especially if you want to sing loud and high, and then you turn it into a note instead, you go 'HELP' like that.

I think I'll go on singing forever, even if it's not to lots of people. I sang to some cows once, they were young cows and they were in a shed and then they all started coming forward, they were listening and shitting at the same time, I loved it. I tell you when it's nice to sing and that's outside when there's nothing around, it's really strange 'cos you feel so small. If I start singing and I see someone looks as if they're not enjoying it, it puts me off completely, I can't just carry on. It's harder to sing in front of a few people than to sing in front of a lot of people, you can't always see the people out there when you're on stage but you can feel them, you can feel the silence, it's like a big . . . Have you ever gone near the sea on a very black night? It's like that.

When I first lived with Jim, I wouldn't sing around the house in front of him, it's silly, but it's just getting to know someone, after we'd told each other it was alright.

I think I have as much control as I know how to over the business side of the records, promotions, and album covers and that. It frightens me a bit, when I think they have any control over me but it wouldn't upset me if I had to say 'well fuck you, see you later', I know

there's always something else. I used to be a bit unsure and think 'if they don't like this album, maybe they'll give me the elbow' but now I don't worry so much. I know I could still be singing, I could always go down Tottenham Court Road tube station and play to people. Sometimes I've felt like saying forget it, like when I was in America, I called up Tony and said 'I'm coming home tomorrow'. I told him that I had some money in the bank and if I owed him anything he could have it. I meant it, I packed my cases. But in the morning everyone was saying 'Oh please stay, let's just do this one more gig and see how you like it' and it kind of gives you a little bit of power as well you know? You think 'Ah ha, they need me, they really do want me here' So I stayed, I'm too easy, you can twist my arm too easily.



# Carly Simon Hotcakes

K 52005



Her New  
Album  
on Elektra  
Records  
& Tapes



Marketed by EMI Records

Produced by Richard Perry

Marketed by EMI Records





# How can another woman make you pregnant?



Just by talking to you. And giving you bad advice.

Too many women risk getting bad advice about contraception because they'd rather listen to friends than go to a clinic or a doctor. No wonder there are 120,000 unwanted babies born in Britain every year.

No matter if you're young or old, married or single, you can get help and advice that is friendly, private, and above all, accurate, from your doctor or local family planning clinic.

**The Health Education Council** 

You can find your local clinic under 'Family Planning' in the telephone directory or Yellow Pages. Or write to, The Health Education Council, 78 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1AH.



| Page | Title  | Author           | Rights   |
|------|--|------------------|--|
| 1    | Photograph of Stephanie Gilbert                        | Morton, Roger    | Usage Terms: © Morton, Roger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                |
| 3    | Letters  |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                                   |
| 4    | Letters  |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                                   |
| 6    | Interview about new book 'Psychoanalysis and Feminism' | Morrell, Carol   | Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell   |
| 7    | Interview about new book 'Psychoanalysis and Feminism' | Morrell, Carol   | Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell   |
| 7    | Photograph of Carol Morrell and Juliet Mitchell        | Phillips, Angela | Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.              |
| 8    | Interview about new book 'Psychoanalysis and Feminism' | Morrell, Carol   | Usage Terms: © Carol Morrell   |
| 9    | Upstairs Downstairs 100 times a day'                   |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Upstairs Downstairs 100 times a day'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.        |
| 9    | Photographs of various buses and passengers            | Dale, Ellen      | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Photographs of various buses and passengers. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 10   | Upstairs Downstairs 100 times a day'                   |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Upstairs Downstairs 100 times a day'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.        |
| 10   | Photograph of Kathleen Fincham                         | Dale, Ellen      | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Photograph of Kathleen Fincham. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.              |
|      |  |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Upstairs Downstairs  |



|    |  |              |   |
|----|--|--------------|---|
| 11 | Upstairs Downstairs 100 times a day'   |              | 100 times a day'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.   |
| 11 | Photograph of June Denning   |              | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Photograph of June Denning. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.   |
| 13 | The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation' | Liz          | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 14 | The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation' | Liz          | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 15 | The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation' | Liz          | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 16 | The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation' | Liz          | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Ideology of Alcoholics Anonymous - and the isolation of the alcoholic in Women's Liberation'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 17 | The Price Sisters'   | Kaye, Jackie | Usage Terms: © Kaye, Jackie. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.  |
| 17 | Dolours Price, 23  |              | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Dolours Price, 23. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.  |
| 17 | Marian Price, 30   |              | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Marian Price, 30. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.   |
| 18 | The Price Sisters'   | Kaye, Jackie | Usage Terms: © Kaye, Jackie. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.  |



|    |   |                    |  |
|----|---|--------------------|--|
| 18 | Women demonstrating in the Ardoyne, Belfast, January 1972         | Chadwick, Jonathan | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women demonstrating in the Ardoyne, Belfast, January 1972. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 18 | Prison Friends'   | Price, Dolours     | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Prison Friends'. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.   |
| 18 | Women banging dustbin lids  |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women banging dustbin lids. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                                |
| 19 | The Price Sisters'  | Kaye, Jackie       | Usage Terms: © Kaye, Jackie. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                               |
| 19 | Letter from Marion Price in Brixton, January 7th 1974             | Price, Marian      | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Letter from Marion Price in Brixton, January 7th 1974. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.     |
| 19 | Letter from Dolours Price in Brixton, January 7th 1974            | Price, Dolours     | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Letter from Dolours Price in Brixton, January 7th 1974. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.    |
| 19 | Letter from Mary Richardson in Holloway Prison                    |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Letter from Mary Richardson in Holloway Prison. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.            |
| 19 | Clare Price showing force-feeding instruments                     | Phillips, Angela   | Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                            |
| 20 | Women in Ireland, Women in England                                | Larkin, Maureen    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women in Ireland, Women in England. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                        |
| 20 | Women on Ireland Collective, Hunger Strike outside Brixton Prison | Phillips, Angela   | Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You  |



|    |   |                    |  |
|----|---|--------------------|--|
|    |   |                    | may not use this work for any commercial purpose.  |
| 20 | Poem  | Price, Dolours     | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Poem. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.  |
| 21 | The Wages of Virtue? Married women students and the grants campaign | Graham, Catriona   | Usage Terms: © Catriona Graham. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                    |
| 21 | A section of the NUS march, February 8th                            | MacFarlane, Pasco  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for A section of the NUS march, February 8th. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.          |
| 21 | NCCL Conference on Women's Rights                                   | Chamberlayne, Prue | Usage Terms: © Prue Chamberlayne   |
| 22 | Mining Communities ...the experience                                | Scott, Ann         | Usage Terms: © Ann Scott. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                          |
| 22 | Mining Communities ...and the economics                             | Gardiner, Jean     | Usage Terms: © Jean Gardiner   |
| 23 | Margaret Newell, Cynthia Brailsford, Carol Fraser                   |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Margaret Newell, Cynthia Brailsford, Carol Fraser. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 23 | Mining Communities ...the experience                                |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Mining Communities ...the experience. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.              |
| 23 | Mining Communities ...the experience                                | Edney, Margaret    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Mining Communities ...the experience. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.              |
| 23 | Mining Communities ...and the economics                             | Gardiner, Jean     | Usage Terms: © Jean Gardiner   |
| 24 | Durham cleaners get unionized                                       | Finn, Lynda        | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Durham cleaners get unionized. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                     |
| 24 | The fight against SPUC  |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The fight against SPUC. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                            |



|    |   |                    |  |
|----|---|--------------------|--|
| 25 | The Ones that got away ...                          | Fairbairns, Zoe    | Usage Terms: © Zoe Fairbairns  |
| 26 | The French Abortion Debate                          | Ullveit-Moe, Tracy | Usage Terms: © Tracy Ullveit-Moe   |
| 27 | The French Abortion Debate                          | Ullveit-Moe, Tracy | Usage Terms: © Tracy Ullveit-Moe   |
| 27 | And in England                                      | Goldsmith, Vivien  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for And in England. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                        |
| 28 | Short List  |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                             |
| 29 | Short List  |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                             |
| 29 | Detective Work: ways of detecting a defective fetus | Wilson, Amrit      | Usage Terms: © Amrit Wilson. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.           |
| 30 | Printing  | Gilbert, Stephanie | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Printing. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                              |
| 30 | Printing  | Gilbert, Stephanie | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Printing. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                              |
| 31 | Printing  | Gilbert, Stephanie | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Printing. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                              |
| 31 | Printing  | Gilbert, Stephanie | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Printing. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                              |
| 32 | Picketing and the law                               | Phillips, Angela   | Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.        |
| 33 | Odds and sods ...letters from readers               |                    | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Odds and sods ...letters from readers. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |



|    |  |                  |   |
|----|--|------------------|---|
| 34 | Women students in operating theatre at Royal Free Hospital |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women students in operating theatre at Royal Free Hospital. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item. |
| 36 | International Women's Film Seminar                         |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for International Women's Film Seminar. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                         |
| 36 | Claudia Alemann  | Winham, Francine | Usage Terms: © Francine Winham. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                             |
| 37 | International Women's Film Seminar                         |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for International Women's Film Seminar. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.                         |
| 37 | Annabella Miscuglio in Berlin                              | Winham, Francine | Usage Terms: © Francine Winham. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                             |
| 37 | Ariel Dougherty in Berlin                                  | Winham, Francine | Usage Terms: © Francine Winham. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.                             |
| 37 | "The Point is to Change it" by Claudia Alemann             |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for "The Point is to Change it" by Claudia Alemann. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.             |
| 38 | Diane Arbus  | Parker, Rosie    | Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)   |
| 39 | Diane Arbus  | Parker, Rosie    | Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)   |
| 40 | Diane Arbus  | Parker, Rosie    | Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)   |
| 41 | Diane Arbus  | Parker, Rosie    | Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)   |
| 41 | Woman's Consciousness, Man's World                         | Rowe, Marsha     | Usage Terms: © Marsha Rowe  |
|    | Book cover: Woman's Consciousness, Man's                   |                  | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Book cover: Woman's   |



|    |                                    |                   |  |
|----|------------------------------------|-------------------|--|
| 41 | World                              |                   | Consciousness, Man's World. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.  |
| 42 | Woman's Consciousness, Man's World | Rowe, Marsha      | Usage Terms: © Marsha Rowe   |
| 42 | Woman looking in a mirror          | Kahn, Pat         | Usage Terms: © Pat Kahn. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose. |
| 42 | In the Springtime of the Year      | Lomax, Maggie     | Usage Terms: © Maggie Lomax  |
| 43 | The Purple Heart Throbs            | Gieve, Katherine  | Usage Terms: © Katherine Gieve   |
| 43 | hearts and sunshine                | Kahn, Pat         | Usage Terms: © Pat Kahn. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose. |
| 44 | Judies                             | Wandor, Michelene | Usage Terms: © Michelene Wandor  |
| 44 | Stevie Wonder                      |                   | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Stevie Wonder. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.           |
| 44 | Stevie Wonder                      |                   | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Stevie Wonder. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.           |
| 44 | Takin' My Time                     | Fudger, Marion    | Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert  |
| 44 | Hotcakes                           | Fudger, Marion    | Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert  |
| 44 | Bonnie Raitt                       |                   | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bonnie Raitt. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.            |
| 44 | Carly Simon                        |                   | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Carly Simon. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.             |
| 45 | Women in Music: Linda Lewis        | Fudger, Marion    | Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert  |
| 45 | Linda Lewis                        |                   | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Linda Lewis. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.             |
| 46 | Women in Music: Linda Lewis        | Fudger, Marion    | Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert  |
| 47 | Women in Music: Linda Lewis        | Fudger, Marion    | Usage Terms: © (now) Marion Gilbert  |
| 47 | Linda Lewis                        |                   | Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Linda Lewis. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information   |



you have regarding this item.